



# IMPROVEMENT ERA



VOL. 31

JULY, 1928

No. 9

## Western Civilization

ANDREW JENSON

## Stories of Pioneer Trail

A. WILLIAM LUND

## Liberty Jail

B. H. ROBERTS

## A PIONEER TOURIST



DAVE RUST

## GRAVEYARD OF DISTANT ERA



FRANK BECKWITH

## STORY—WAY OF A MAID WITH A MAN

LINDA S. FLETCHER



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Office Boy: "I don't get that much, sir."  
—*Boston Globe.*

\* \* \*

Fond Father-in-law: "How would you like a cow for a wedding present?"

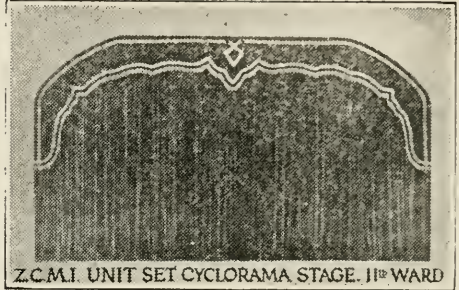
Bride (Just from the City): "Oh, a cow would give more milk than two would need. A calf would be about right."

\* \* \*

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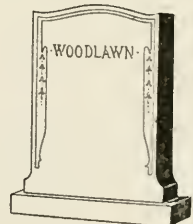
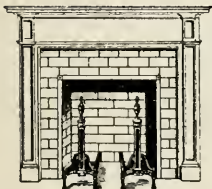
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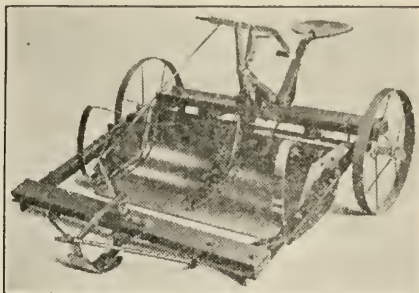


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\* \* \*

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"Brotherly love," said Bobby, promptly.

\* \* \*

*Not Concurrent.* Lecturer (to audience): "Now, girls, you should work eight hours, and sleep eight hours,—but not the same eight hours."—*Mountain States Monitor.*

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# IMPROVEMENT ERA

JULY, 1928

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*Associate Editor*

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Organ of the Priesthood Quorums, the Young Men's  
Mutual Improvement Associations and the Schools of  
the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

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# EDITOR'S ANNOUNCEMENTS

The August number of the *Era* will be largely an out-of-door number. Articles and pictures relating to scouting and to Fathers and Sons' outings are being prepared, and an account will be given showing what "Mormon" athletes have accomplished during recent years. We think these will be something which will arouse the interest of every red-blooded youth, and we believe also that they will be no less interesting to our older readers.

Pictures of some of the winning contestants at the recent M. I. A. conference, together with explanations, will also appear in our next issue. These will be printed with the desire to spur others on to enter subsequent contests and thereby gain the development which friendly competition gives.

The new Priesthood plan is given considerable space in this number. Naturally, to be successful, this plan must have the whole-hearted support of all who hold the Priesthood; and before the members can properly support it they must understand what the new requirements are. It is to be hoped, therefore, that the explanations will be carefully studied.

*Messages From the Missions.*—In past years numerous articles and pictures have appeared in the *Era* under the title, "Messages From the Missions." Interesting as these have been, it is the opinion of the Editorial department that an improvement can be made in this direction. A conference is seldom held in any mission in the world that does not bring out some important message which would be profitable for the entire Church. To illustrate: A conference was held in Vienna, Austria, April 15, 1928. That statement alone is of no interest to anyone except those in attendance and perhaps a few personal

friends; but when it is said that it was the largest gathering of our Church ever held in Austria; that the newspapers gave much space to the "Mormon" question; that most of them spoke in very favorable terms of what they are doing; that an article on the subject, written by the district president, was printed without any change, the interest grows. But even yet, it is hardly a worth-while message. However, a number of important lessons were taught. The following is one of them: At the hotel where some of the Church visitors were stopping was a young woman about twenty years of age. She smoked incessantly in the writing room, much to the annoyance of the others present. One of the missionaries remarked that she would smoke herself into an early grave, and the sooner she did so the better it would be for the world. Sister Rose E. Valentine, however, took a different view. She spoke to the young lady, and soon had her engaged in a Gospel conversation. The girl was alone in that great city; she was lonely and somewhat discouraged. Attracted by the kindly spirit of the mission mother, she admitted that tobacco was not good for her; promised to use less of it, and also promised to attend the Mutual Improvement meetings of the Church. That was a real lesson to all who witnessed it. A missionary message which reminds our readers of their duty, or that touches upon some principle of the gospel, is what the *Era* is glad to receive. Make your message readable. Missionaries who keep their eyes open in an effort to learn such lessons will be greatly benefited; and when something of this kind is found, we suggest that it be sent to the president of the mission. We are writing the various presidents personally, asking them to appoint some qualified missionary to compile such material and send it to us.

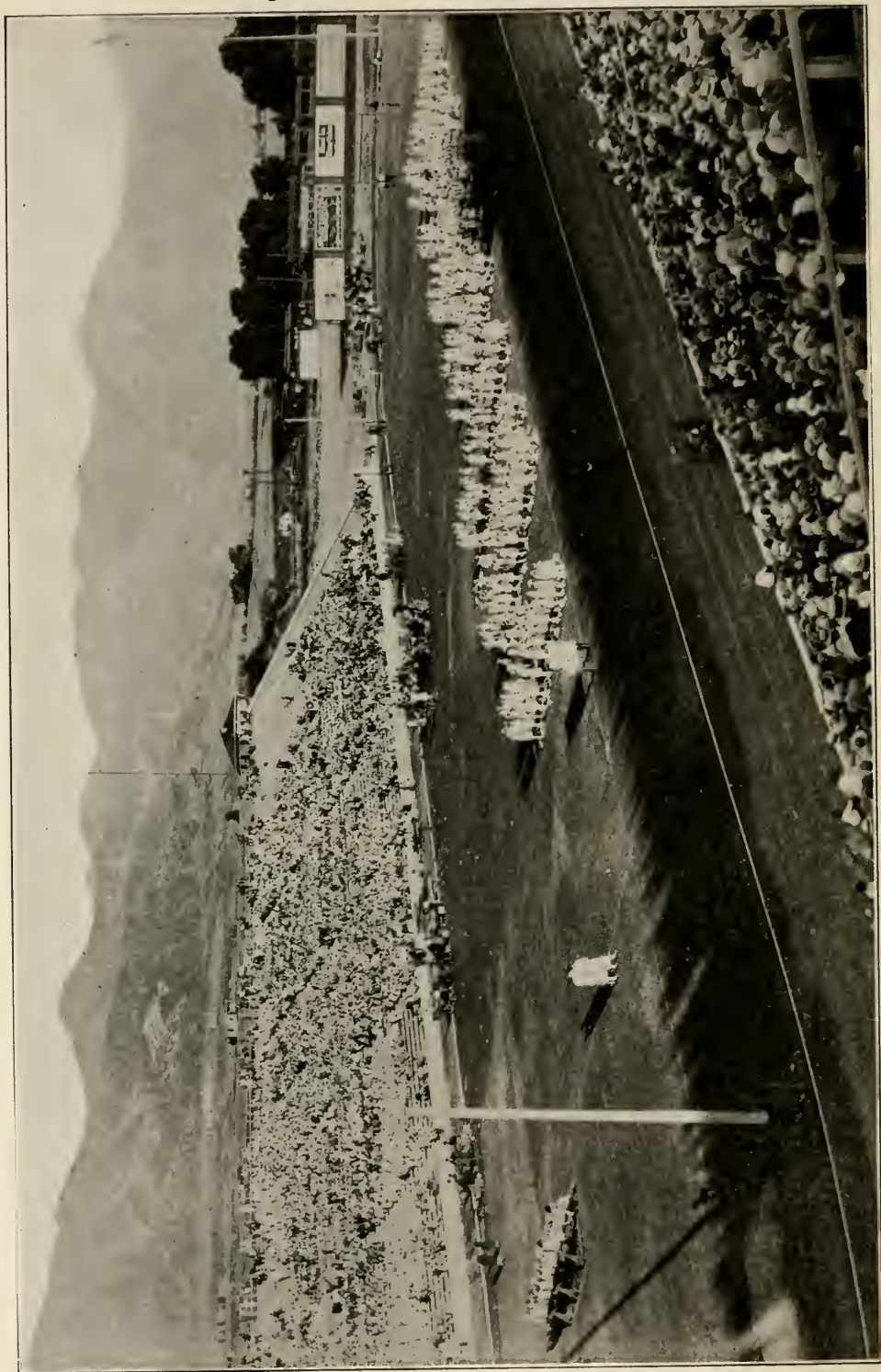
## SEGO LILY

I saw, in rugged Alpine place,  
The great, white, restless Mer de Glace;  
I viewed, where Russian millions trod  
Old Fairs of Nezhin Novgorod;  
Where mountain torrents fling, full free,  
I've reveled in Yosemite;  
Fanned by the South Sea's balmy breeze,  
I've stood beneath Sequoia trees;  
Where Colorado's canyon grand  
Hath carved its way through wonderland,  
Where Western gnomes and giants own  
"Old Faithful" of the Yellowstone;  
Where Russian breezes hour by hour  
Blow round the great white Kremlin Tower;  
Mine eyes were granted leave to see  
The ruins of famed Pompeii;  
With pleasure more than I could tell,  
I viewed Old Quebec's citadel.

I've wandered far, amid nature's bowers  
Where she displays here wondrous powers,  
And felt her Eons' magic spell  
Within her utmost citadel.  
I've viewed with wonderment each place  
Of man's device—of Nature's grace—  
Of Nature's tower and Builder's dome—  
And then—I turned my footsteps home.

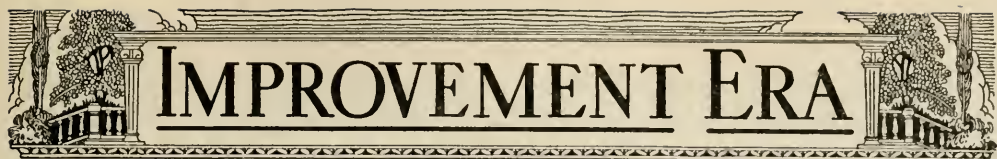
\* \* \* \*

I stood upon my hill-side waste,  
With naked nature, pure and chaste;  
And at my feet, all dank with dew,  
Behold! a Sego Lily grew---  
A Sego Lily's chalice cup  
Toward my thrilled heart reaching up,  
With color clear and pure and bright.  
I never saw more rapturous sight.



PRIMARY ASSOCIATION PAGEANT AT U. OF U. STADIUM. JUNE 9, 1928





Vol. XXXI

JULY, 1928

No. 9

## Founders of Western Civilization

BY ANDREW JENSON, ASSISTANT CHURCH HISTORIAN

**A**S YEARS roll on, and the west half of the United States of America becomes more thickly settled, the achievements of the early pioneers of the great West become matters of interesting study. No one who visits Salt Lake City at the present time can afford to ignore the fact that the Latter-day Saints were the first to raise the standard of Anglo-Saxon civilization in the great intermountain region and elsewhere. Nobody dares dispute the historical fact that they were also eminently successful as pioneers, for the many flourishing cities, towns and villages with which that part of our country once known as the Great American Desert is now dotted testifies abundantly of the energy, the union, the determination and success of the "Mormon" pioneers.

The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints was organized as a religious body in 1830, in the western part of the state of New York. Said Church was only about a year old when some of its members became pioneers of the West. In the month of June, 1831, Joseph Smith with a small body of men left the little village of Kirtland, Ohio, as missionaries, for the western boundary of the United States, four men of the community having preceded them there in the beginning of the same year. Arriving in Jackson county, Mo., in July, 1831, Joseph Smith and his companions, together with a number of families known in Church history as the Colesville branch, commenced operations as a colonizing community immediately east of where Kansas City now stands. There those eastern people experienced most trying difficulties in establishing what we may term a Yankee colony in a slave-holding state. They practically became the first farmers without slave labor in that part of the country, and in a remarkably short time they had a prosperous colony numbering about twelve hundred people in Jackson county. In this colony was established a printing office, which at the time was 120 miles farther west than any other printing office in the United States. The "Mormons" also opened a successful store, built one or more mills, commenced schools and developed a number of

flourishing farms on lands bought from the United States Government for \$1.25 an acre.

But this colony of Latter-day Saints existed only a couple of years as difficulties arose between the Saints (who were mostly abolitionists) and the older settlers (who were nearly all slaveholders), and so the year 1833 witnessed the exodus of the Saints from Jackson county.

Their next experience as colonizers was on the flat lands lying adjacent to the Missouri river and some of its tributaries on the opposite side of the Missouri, mainly in Clay county, Mo. There they were again successful in turning the flat, low lands into fruitful fields. Much of the success there, as well as in Jackson county, and also their future homes elsewhere, must be ascribed to their unity and that cooperation which is based upon brotherly love and mutual helpfulness.

The experience of the Latter-day Saints in Clay county lasted only about three years, when it became necessary, in order to avoid trouble with their less industrious neighbors, to move out into an open prairie country, lying about sixty miles in a northeasterly direction from Liberty, Clay county. Those who were anxious to have them move promised that if they would locate in that prairie country, where very few people had settled up to that time, they could have a county organization of their own. This was consequently done, and the "Mormon" community, as soon as they had located in what soon afterwards became Caldwell county, Missouri, proved to the rest of the inhabitants that the prairies were not useless for agricultural purposes, but that with careful cultivation good crops could be raised. The consequence was that the "Mormon" community was more successful in Caldwell county, and also in some of the adjacent counties, than they had hitherto been elsewhere, for soon the community grew from 1200 souls to as many thousands, and a promising town called Far West, which reached a population of 2000, was founded on the prairies of Caldwell, and the community found itself gaining rapidly in wealth and comforts.

In the meantime, another branch of the Church had experiences as pioneers in Ohio, not far from where the city of Cleveland now stands. Early in 1831, a number of the Saints located in an insignificant hamlet containing only a mill, a store and a few farm houses, but soon they built a city containing about 2000 inhabitants with a beautiful temple in the midst of it. In this connection it may, therefore, be said that the "Mormons" became the pioneer temple builders in North America, aside from masonic temples, so called, and other houses of worship. This settlement, known as Kirtland,

Ohio, did not continue in their hands more than about seven years, as complications arose, and it became necessary in 1838 for the bulk of the people to vacate, leaving their temple and improvements behind, and migrate to Missouri, about nine hundred miles farther west.

In the meantime, trouble also arose between the "Mormons" and the other settlers in Missouri. I am not here dealing with the causes of this trouble, but venture to say that jealousy, based upon the fact that the "Mormons" seemed to be more prosperous than their neighbors, was at the bottom of it. Suffice it to say that the early part of 1839 found the Saints to the number of about 12,000 souls driven into exile, after a number of their people had been murdered, much of their property destroyed and nearly all the remainder confiscated. On this occasion, the Saints, instead of turning their faces westward, traveled about two hundred miles eastward, in order to get out of the state of Missouri, the so-called exterminating order of Governor Lilburn W. Boggs having been issued, recommending either extermination or expulsion.

In the little town of Quincy, Illinois, the exiles found temporary shelter, the people of Quincy treating them most kindly and taking immediate steps to relieve them of temporary wants.

But as the "Mormons" could never consent to live on charity, or to receive aid when there was a possibility of being self-sustaining, they immediately fell back upon their former tactics as colonizers. About fifty miles from Quincy, up the Mississippi river, a little village known as Commerce had been founded some years before by eastern people who came there well supplied with money and property to found a settlement in the West, but the place being very unhealthy these people, instead of building a town on the banks of the Mississippi river, built a good-sized graveyard on the slope of a hill. The facts were that the place was so marshy and swampy that the inhabitants were nearly all taken with malaria, mostly fever and ague, and the mortality in consequence was very great. Hence, when the Saints, through a committee appointed for the purpose, investigated conditions for buying land upon which to locate another settlement, they found the few people left at Commerce willing to sell on easy terms, and the consequence was the Saints located in that beautiful bend of the Mississippi river in Hancock county, Illinois, where they, in the course of six years, built Nauvoo, the beautiful, and that too in the days of their poverty, plucked and peeled as they were through their losses in Missouri. Where the comparatively wealthy people from the east could not build the village of Commerce, these persecuted "Mormons," by labor, built



a city which, at its zenith, had about 20,000 inhabitants. The city contained a beautiful temple, a number of manufacturing establishments, public buildings, a printing office and many substantial private residences. Here the Saints, again pioneers, drained swamps and turned them into fruitful fields, and took other steps toward improving conditions until, according to the statement of the late George A. Smith, Nauvoo became as healthful as any other place in Illinois. Joseph the Prophet took a most active part in the building of Nauvoo, which, as years rolled on, became a most endearing spot to him. This is exemplified by a remark he made when he left Nauvoo, for the last time, to go to Carthage. Reaching the temple, he turned around and looked with admiration upon that building and then upon the city at large, remarking: "This is the loveliest place and the best people under the heavens; little do they know the trials that await them." His bosom friend, John Taylor, in his beautiful composition known as "The Seer," in referring to Joseph Smith and Nauvoo, says:

"The Saints, the Saints, his only pride,  
For them he lived, for them he died.  
Their joys were his, their sorrows too:  
He loved the Saints, he loved Nauvoo."

Not only did Joseph Smith love Nauvoo and its people, but that beautiful place became the pride of all its inhabitants. Years ago, when I first became acquainted with this intermountain country, and when many early Church veterans were yet alive, I often, in my endeavors to elicit from them historical information concerning pioneer days, listened for hours to incidents connected with that city; and while they were telling of their thrilling experiences and their associations with the Prophet Joseph, I would in many instances notice the tears coursing down their weather-beaten cheeks, as the pleasant or sad memories of the past touched their hearts.

It will readily be seen that the Latter-day Saints had much experience as pioneers, founders of settlements and city builders before they came to the far West, and these experiences stood them well in hand when it fell to their lot to found settlements in these Rocky Mountains.

If our socialistic friends want an illustration of what true Socialism, based on brotherly love, can accomplish, let them study the history of the "Mormons" after their expulsion from the State of Illinois, and also their movements after their arrival in the Rocky Mountains. Let them post themselves as to how the advance companies of what was termed the "Camps of Israel" planted and sowed grain and vegetables at Garden Grove, Mt. Pisgah, etc., for the

later companies of their co-religionists to reap the harvest. Let them read also of the covenant entered into by the "Mormons" in Missouri in 1839, when the better-to-do members of the community pledged themselves to spend their last dollar in assisting their fellow-sufferers to leave the state of Missouri. From the story of "Mormonism," it will be seen that the Saints were practically the pioneer settlers in certain parts of Iowa, this being particularly the case in Pottawattamie county in that state. They also became the first actual white settlers in what is now the state of Nebraska, for up to that time that part of our country now included in said state had been in the hands of the Omahas, Pawnees, Sioux and other Indian tribes, and not only were the Saints the founders of the first settlement in Nebraska, (Winter Quarters), where the little city of Florence, now a part of Omaha, stands, but they also took an active part a few years later in founding the city of Omaha, and a "Mormon" elder (Joseph E. Johnson) published the first newspaper (*The Omaha Arrow*) ever published in that city.

I now revert to the Mormon Battalion which left the Pottawattamie country in Iowa in July, 1846, and marched to Fort Leavenworth. From there the real journey to California was commenced. Upon reaching Santa Fe, New Mexico, it was discovered that a number of families who had accompanied the Battalion were not able to pursue the journey to California, which led through dry and trackless deserts; hence, it was decided that those families, together with a number of the soldiers who during the first half of the journey had shown signs of weakness, should change their course of travel, and, instead of continuing to California, go north and winter on the Arkansas river. This meant that the "Mormons" also became the first Anglo-Saxon settlers in what is now the enterprising state of Colorado. In addition to the Battalion people, a number of Saints who had left the states in 1846 with the intention of joining the pioneers on their journey to the Rocky Mountains that year were compelled to winter with the detachment of the Battalion at Pueblo.

On the very day in February, 1846, that the actual exodus of the "Mormons" from Nauvoo, Illinois, began, the ship *Brooklyn* sailed from New York with a company of 230 Saints on board, mainly farmers from the New England states and citizens of some of the eastern cities. This ship had a wonderful voyage, doubling Cape Horn, touching at the island of San Fernandez (the base of the Robinson Crusoe story), visiting later the Hawaiian Islands and finally landing at San Francisco, July 31, 1846, nearly one year before President Brigham Young and his pioneers entered the valley

of the Great Salt Lake. On the arrival of the *Brooklyn* in California the Saints who had made the voyage in that ship found a small village called Yerba Buena, standing near the Golden Gate. The *Brooklyn* passengers outnumbered the native Californians, and the little Spanish village was changed to San Francisco, there being already a Catholic mission of that name in the vicinity. This change was brought about partly through the influence exercised by the *California Star*, which was practically the first newspaper published in California in the English language. It was edited by Samuel Brannan, the "Mormon" elder who had led the *Brooklyn* company from New York to California. Thus it can be claimed consistently that the "Mormons" were the actual founders of San Francisco as well as of Salt Lake City and many other places in the "Great West."

A number of the *Brooklyn* company who were farmers naturally desired to carry on agriculture in California, and, in looking around for a suitable place to locate, they selected a spot in the San Joaquin valley, near the junction of the Stanislaus river with the San Joaquin river, and here the "Mormons" founded the first farming settlement in that great valley which now contains seven of the most flourishing counties in California. In 1851, the same people that founded Salt Lake City located the flourishing settlement of San Bernardino in southern California.

We will now return to the main camps of the exiled Saints. As soon as possible the following spring (1847) a selection of men and teams was made to push ahead to the Rocky Mountains, and President Brigham Young, together with 142 other pioneers, three women and two children, left the Missouri river in April, 1847. At Laramie, the pioneers were joined by a small advance company of Mississippi Saints. On Green River a small company of the Battalion overtook the pioneers, who, when they arrived in the valley on July 22 and 24, numbered 156 persons.

Five days after the arrival of President Young and his company, the detachment of the Mormon Battalion which had wintered at Pueblo entered the valley under the leadership of Captain James Brown. Immediately the pioneers commenced to lay the foundation of our beautiful city which now can boast of 130,000 inhabitants. About 1800 Latter-day Saints who crossed the plains and mountains in nine well organized companies reached the valley the same years as the original pioneers, besides a number of the Mormon Battalion who, after serving their term of enlistment, made their way from Southern California northward, then across the Sierra Nevada Mountains and what is now the Nevada desert to this valley. Thus



nearly 1800 people spent the winter of 1847-1848 on what we now call Pioneer Square, but which was originally known as the Old Fort, the beginning of Great Salt Lake City, which in 1868 changed its name to Salt Lake City.

From this beginning, Utah's several valleys were subsequently settled. The year 1848 witnessed the arrival of thousands of Latter-day Saints who had spent about two years on the frontiers, and soon Ogden, Provo, Manti, and many other cities came into existence.

Carson valley, Nevada, which once constituted a part of Utah, became known to the "Mormon" people as early as 1847, when the discharged soldiers of the Mormon Battalion passed through on their way from California to Great Salt Lake valley; and as early as 1851 the first "Mormon" settlement, which was also the first Anglo-Saxon settlement of any description in what is now the state of Nevada, was founded in Carson valley, at a place known as Genoa. Thus the same class of people who were the pioneers of Utah also became the pioneers of Nevada.

In 1855, President Young sent out a colony about 400 miles north into what was then Oregon and founded a settlement among the Indians on a branch of the Salmon river, and the "Mormons" therefore, became the first settlers of Idaho; and though this settlement (Fort Limhi) was broken up in 1858, the honor of founding the first permanent settlement in Idaho was still retained by the "Mormons," for the year 1860 witnessed the founding of Franklin in Cache valley, now in Idaho.

In 1854 a farming settlement known as Fort Supply was located by the "Mormons" on Black's fork of Green river, 12 miles south of the original Fort Bridger. This was the first farming settlement in what is now the state of Wyoming.

Since the founding of Jamestown in Virginia in 1607 and the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers on Plymouth Rock in 1620, America has produced pioneers by the tens of thousands. History proves that these pioneers showed great bravery in venturing farther and farther west among the Indians or into unexplored or unclaimed countries, until the vanguard of Anglo-Saxon civilization stood about half way across the continent, looking westward toward the Great Plains, the Rocky Mountains and the Great American Desert, which save for a few forts and a few settlements founded in what was then Oregon were inhabited only by nomadic Indians. But Brigham Young and his pioneers with one grand leap, so to speak, cut the great desert or uninhabited waste in half by planting Salt Lake City in the heart of the Great American Desert, and thus it was

that Great Salt Lake City became the half-way house between the Missouri river in the east and the Pacific coast in the west, just as literally and effectually as Palestine in the Orient is the half-way house, so to speak, between the great river Euphrates on the east and the beautiful Nile on the west.

By the founding of the American half-way house the emigrants from the east bound for California found it possible to make the long journey across the continent with comparative ease, for if they, on their arrival in Salt Lake, found themselves short of provisions, or delayed by worn-out animals, they were able to replenish their provisions and obtain fresh horses, mules and oxen to continue on to the coast. Not only were these overland travelers able to obtain supplies, but they found the "Mormons" an honest and upright people who were not inclined to take advantage of the situation. This meant much to the Saints by way of contradicting the numerous falsehoods which had been circulated by the enemies of the "Mormon" people at an early day. It must be remembered that the pioneers of Utah lived in these valleys about four years before even a territorial form of government was granted by the Federal Government, and during these years the "Mormons" lived under laws enacted by themselves and were ruled most justly and successfully by officers of their own selection. They could have built a regular robbers' roost in these mountains had they been so disposed, but, instead, they built a prosperous, Christian community.

In August, 1842, Joseph Smith the Prophet predicted that the Saints should be driven to the Rocky Mountains and there become a mighty people. How literally and completely this prophecy has been fulfilled!

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### SALT LAKE CITY TODAY

"I like Utah. Its surrounding hills give one the feeling of security. It's different. I like Salt Lake City. Its wide streets give one a feeling of freedom; its running waters that of cleanliness; its bubbling fountains of pure mountain water entice one to drink more and more. Its restaurants are filled with the best of food and all served in the most courteous manner.

"Its people extend to the stranger a cordial hand of welcome and good fellowship. We have all heard the song 'Out Where the West Begins'—but that does not apply to Salt Lake for there is where the West is, was and, I hope, ever shall be. Salt Lake's streets are blessed with the absence of childless women leading pug dogs, but there are ever present the most beautiful children in the land.

"Utah, where the pink and golden rays of a wonderful sunrise kiss the snowcapped peaks that dimple the sky, crowning them with all the glory of a new-born day and where, at evening, the crimson light of the setting sun baptizes the whole with a benediction of peace—the holiness of celestial harmony."—*Chas. H. Fitz*, Traveling Salesmanager, Woodrow Manufacturing Co., Chicago.

# Stories of the Pioneer Trail

BY A. WILLIAM LUND, ASSISTANT CHURCH HISTORIAN

## THE BEGINNING OF THE TRAIL

**D**URING the fall and winter of 1845-1846 great persecution was heaped upon the Saints. President Brigham Young, in behalf of the people, had entered into an agreement with the mob leaders that as soon as possible he and all his followers would remove from Nauvoo. Suggestions were made that the Saints go to Vancouver's Island or to Oregon. Judge Stephen A. Douglas, one of the committee appointed to draw up this agreement, stated that "Vancouver's Island was claimed by the United States, and he felt sure there would be no objection to its settlement or to the settlement of Oregon." Others suggested some place beyond the Rocky Mountains. All agreed that the "Mormons" must leave. This sentiment is shown from a sentence in the committee's letter of October 2, 1846, to President Young: "We are convinced that affairs have reached such a crisis that it has become impossible for your Church to remain in this country." Governor Ford wrote, December 29, 1845, in a letter to Sheriff Backenstos: "I also think



The city of Whittingham, Vermont, birthplace of President Brigham Young



it is very likely that the government at Washington will interfere to prevent the 'Mormons' from going west of the Rocky Mountains. Many intelligent persons sincerely believe that they will join the British, if they go there, and be more trouble than ever, and I think this consideration is likely to influence the government."

In the face of persecution and with the knowledge that the Saints would have to leave their homes, the High Council issued, on January 20, 1846, instructions to all members of the Church that they intended to send in the spring a company of pioneers consisting mostly of young, hardy men to the western country. These pioneers were to find a permanent place to settle and were to take with them all kinds of farming implements, mill irons, grain and seeds. In these instructions, also, we find sentiments which express the highest type of loyal citizenship:

"We also further declare for the satisfaction of some who have concluded that our grievances have alienated us from our country, that our patriotism has not been overcome by fire, by sword, by daylight nor by midnight assassinations which we have endured, neither have they alienated us from the institutions of our country.

"Should hostilities arise between the government of the United States and any other power, in relation to the right of possessing the territory of Oregon, we are on hand to sustain the claim of the United States to that country. It is geographically ours; and, of right, no foreign power should hold dominion there; and if our services are required to prevent it, those services will be cheerfully rendered according to our ability. We feel the injuries that we have sustained, and are not insensible of the wrongs we have suffered: still we are Americans."

After making plans to try to sell their property the Saints commenced, in February, to cross the river and turn their faces westward, ready to encounter the hardships and difficulties of the dreary and almost uninhabited regions in which they were going to make their homes.

#### A MIRACULOUS FEEDING OF LATTER-DAY ISRAEL

It was not long after the first company left for the West that those who remained in Nauvoo were ill-used by the Anti-"Mormons." These men who had pledged their word that the Saints might have time to dispose of their property and move from Nauvoo in peace, disregarded their agreement and commenced committing various despicable acts against the afflicted people. These disgraceful acts continued until the first part of September, 1846, when the mob issued an ultimatum to the Saints that they must leave

Nauvoo. The mob did not even wait for this command to be fulfilled but came against Nauvoo fully armed and determined to destroy all the residents of that city.

The "Mormons," under Capt. William Anderson, resisted as best they could. Capt. Anderson and his son lost their lives in defense of their homes. Becoming convinced that the mob was determined to destroy them, the Saints entered into another treaty by which they gave up all arms and immediately commenced to leave their homes. They crossed the river and made an encampment on the banks of the Mississippi, opposite Nauvoo.

*The St. Louis Weekly Revueille* gives the following vivid description of their condition:

#### CHARITY FOR THE "MORMONS"

"The present condition of the expelled 'Mormons,' opposite Nauvoo, Ill., appeals to humanity in tones not to be resisted. We know their wretched state, not from report, but from eye witness, of misery which is without a parallel in the country. They are literally starving under the open heavens; not even a tent to cover them—women and children, widows and orphans, the bed-ridden, the age-stricken and the toil-worn, the pauper remnant of a large community. Mr. Joseph L. Heywood, one of the trustees left to dispose of the 'Mormon' property—now depreciated as to be nearly valueless,—is in St. Louis, with ample certificates from the mayor of Quincy, and others, for the purpose of soliciting aid for his homeless brethren. He asks for provisions, but chiefly clothing to shield weak ones from the approaching cold. Money, of course, will be thankfully received, but only to be applied as above.

"The 'Mormons' desire to reach the first station of the earlier emigrants, in the west of Iowa, where a crop was planted for them and huts raised. There they will spend the winter. In the name of Christian mercy, let us not be insensible to the miserable hardship of their case. Mr. Heywood is at 'Scott's Hotel.' "

What cared the mob for the suffering of these poor, homeless Saints. What did they care for the women and children whose husbands and fathers were in the United States army? What did they care for these poor people who were without food or clothing? Not a tinker's thimble. Instead, they rejoiced in the fact that they had driven the despised "Mormons" from their own homes.

On the ninth day of October, 1846, when the condition of these poor Saints had reached its most terrible extreme, death and starvation staring them in the face, God, their Father, sent flocks of quail into the camp. They lit upon the wagons, the beds, upon

empty tables and upon the ground. Even the sick were able to catch them. Before partaking of their meal, made from these quail, the whole camp knelt in prayer and thanked their God who had so mercifully saved them.

This great event was seen, not only by Church members, but by others who were in the camp. Even those on board a steamboat, passing by on the river, marveled at this wonderful occurrence. The quail came more than once through this day and followed the camp when it left the river.

The feelings of the Saints in regard to this miracle is well described by the following words, copied from a letter written by the High Council to Elders Orson Hyde and John Taylor, who were on a mission in England:

“Tell ye this to the nations of the earth. Tell it to the kings and nobles and the great ones! Tell ye this to those who believe in that God who fed the children of Israel in the wilderness in the days of Moses, that they may know there is a God in the last days, and that his people are as dear to him now as they were in those days, and that he will feed them when the house of the oppressor is unbearable, and he is acknowledged God of the whole earth and every knee bows and every tongue confesses that Jesus is the Christ.”

#### A STRIKING PROPHECY

Many people have said that President Brigham Young did not utter a prophecy. The inspiration of the Almighty rested, on more than one occasion, upon this great and good man, and he spoke as he was led by the Spirit of the Lord.

During their encampment at Winter Quarters, President Young told the brethren that they would build a temple in the tops of the Rocky Mountains.

What more uninviting setting could a prophecy have had than this? Exiles in an Indian country, weakened in strength and numbers through the enlisting of 500 young and able-bodied men in the army of the United States, depressed because of conditions of their beloved brethren and sisters in Nauvoo, without proper shelter or food and with all their possessions taken from them! Surely, from human reasoning only, this prophecy could never be fulfilled.

He reiterated this statement on the 28th day of July, when, standing upon what is now the Temple Block, he struck his cane into the ground and said: “Here will be the temple of our God.” This is, no doubt, the first revelation given in these valleys of the mountains. How did President Young know that the Saints would remain in this valley when they reached here? How did he know that the people would sacrifice of their time and means to build a temple? Only through revelation from God! One can readily imagine the



thoughts which would arise in the minds of the people who had so recently been driven from their homes, and who had seen their beautiful temple at Nauvoo taken from them and desecrated. This land appeared to be a barren waste and every condition seemed most uninviting; yet, in the face of these conditions, President Brigham Young, on the 14th day of February, 1853, turned over the first shovel of dirt for the foundation of the great Salt Lake temple. This temple was built by the sacrifice and faith of the Saints of God so that ordinances of eternal life might be administered to the faithful.

#### WAY STATIONS—GARDEN GROVE

The exiles who left Nauvoo early in February, 1846, reached the east fork of Grand river, now Weldon creek, Decatur county, Iowa, on April 24. Here they concluded to make a temporary settlement, particularly for the benefit of those who should follow. In the afternoon of that day President Brigham Young and Henry G. Sherwood selected a location for a settlement which Brother Sherwood commenced to survey the next day.

At a meeting held on Sunday, April 26, 1846, it was decided that the brethren should commence immediately to make a home for the exiles. One hundred men were selected to make rails, ten men were appointed to build fences, forty-eight to build houses, twelve to dig wells, ten to build bridges, and the remainder of the three hundred and fifty-nine working men were employed to clear the land and commence plowing and planting.

Next day the brethren named the settlement Garden Grove, and immediately entered upon their labors. Some who could be spared from other duties went into the settlements of Missouri and exchanged horses, feather beds, and other property for cows and provisions. Through this united labor, Garden Grove soon assumed the appearance of a town.

At a meeting held on Sunday, May 3, 1846, President Young impressed upon his hearers the need of united action and pointed out that the Lord had inspired the making of this settlement, and that other similar places should be made farther on. He commended them for their wonderful faith and integrity. President Young worked just as hard as the others in building bridges, etc. During the following week the fence was completed around the field and a number of houses were built.

Again, the next Sunday, a meeting was held. Elder Jedediah M. Grant addressed the people. At this meeting Elder Samuel Bent with Elders Ezra T. Benson and David Fullmer were named as the

presidency of the Garden Grove settlement, and Elder Charles C. Rich was appointed to take some brethren and go west and locate the next temporary settlement.

In the instructions given to Brother Bent, it is interesting to note that he was to divide the land, to see that no man had the use of ground he did not till, to tithe the Saints for the benefit of the sick and the poor, and to see that the crops were cared for.

After making complete plans for this settlement, President Young and most of the exiles started their march westward to the next location.

#### MT. PISGAH

After about five days travel from Garden Grove, President Young and company arrived on the middle fork of Grand river, at the place Parley P. Pratt had called Mt. Pisgah.

Brother Parley P. Pratt in his autobiography writes the following:

"After assisting to fence this farm and build some log houses, I was dispatched ahead by the Presidency with a small company to try to find another location. Crossing this branch of Grand river, I now steered through the vast and fertile prairies and groves without a track or anything but a compass to guide me—the country being entirely wild and without inhabitants. Our course was west, a little north. We crossed small streams daily, which, on account of deep beds and miry banks, as well as on account of their being swollen by the rains, we had to bridge. After journeying thus for several days, and while lying encamped on a small stream which we had bridged, I took my horse and rode ahead some three miles in search of one of the main forks of Grand river, which we had expected to find for some time. Riding about three or four miles through beautiful prairies, I came suddenly to some round and sloping hills, grassy and crowned with beautiful groves of timber; while alternate open groves and forests seemed blended in all the beauty and harmony of an English park, while beneath and beyond, on the west, rolled a main branch of Grand river, with its rich bottoms of alternate forest and prairie. As I approached this lovely scenery several deer and wolves, being startled at the sight of me, abandoned the place and bounded away till lost from my sight amid the groves.

"Being pleased and excited at the varied beauty before me, I cried out, 'This is Mount Pisgah.' I returned to my camp, with the report of having found the long-sought river, and we soon moved on and encamped under the shade of these beautiful groves. It was now late in May, and we halted here to await the arrival of the President and Council. In a few days they arrived and formed a general encampment here, and finally formed a settlement, and surveyed and enclosed another farm of several thousand acres. This became a town and resting place for the Saints for years, and is now known on the map of Iowa as a village and postoffice named 'Pisga.' "

At a meeting held in front of President Young's tent, it was decided that William Huntington be made president of the settlement at Mt. Pisgah and that the brethren should fence a farm of about 500 to 1000 acres, which should be divided by lot after the fencing

was completed. Brother Robert Campbell was appointed postmaster and clerk of Mt. Pisgah, and the decision was made that the land be surveyed into five, ten and twenty-acre lots.

Elder Noah Rogers, who had lately returned from a mission to the Society Islands, became very ill and died. He was the first of the Saints to be buried at Mt. Pisgah.

While encamped at Mt. Pisgah, Col. James Allen came into the settlement with the historic call for 500 volunteers to help the United States in the war against Mexico.

After leaving definite instructions how to carry on all affairs at Mt. Pisgah, President Young and many of the exiles moved westward.

#### WINTER QUARTERS

President Young and the other pioneers had fully determined to reach the Rocky Mountains in 1846, but when the call came from the government for 500 men to serve in the war, it was decided that this would be impossible. So the exiles, after raising the 500 men, later known as the "Mormon Battalion," moved across the Missouri river and established themselves at a place about two miles farther west, called Cutler's Park. Soon, however, they moved to the west bank of the river and established a settlement, called Winter Quarters.

Here, as at Garden Grove and Mount Pisgah, the brethren arranged for sheltering and caring for their brethren and sisters through the coming winter.

The people were called together and twenty-two wards organized with a bishop over each ward. These bishops were instructed in their duties, and special stress was laid upon the necessity of looking after the poor and sick and the families of those who had gone into the war.

In council with the brethren, President Young decided that the best way to keep peace with the Indians was to build a house for them; and Reynolds Cahoon, Ira Eldredge and Stephen Markham were appointed a committee to take fifty men and construct this house for the Omaha Indians.

The Saints built a flour mill, a council house, an octagon building where Willard Richards directed "The Church Historian's Office." Other houses for meetings and dwellings were also erected. Strict admonitions were given against the use of profanity and breaking of the Sabbath. All were admonished to lead pure and consistent lives.

Christmas day was celebrated in a very quiet, yet appropriate, manner. At the close of 1846 the exiles had built 538 log houses and 83 sod houses.



The Saints numbered 3,483 souls, of whom 334 were sick. They also had 814 wagons, 145 horses, 29 mules, 388 yoke of oxen and 463 cows.

It was from this place that the pioneers set out for the Rocky Mountains in April of 1847. Here thousands of Saints fitted out their teams for the long "trek" to the valleys of the mountains.

#### THE MEETING WITH JIM BRIDGER AND OTHERS

In the spring of 1847, the pioneers left the camp at Winter Quarters and commenced their journey westward. After passing through many hardships, incident to pioneer travel, they came to Fort Laramie, and about 175 miles farther on reached a splendid stopping place called Pacific Spring! Here they met a trapper by



For Laramie, Wyoming, where President Brigham Young and company camped, June 1, 1847

the name of Moses Harris, or Blask Harris, as he was called by the trappers. He gave the pioneers a very unfavorable report concerning the founding of a colony in the country known as the "Great Basin."

When the pioneers reached the Little Sandy, they met Jim Bridger, a noted scout and frontiersman. He, too, made a most unfavorable report concerning the valley of the Great Basin, and thought it very imprudent to bring a large population into that region, stating that he would give \$1,000 for the knowledge that corn could be raised in the Basin. Many have doubted that Bridger

made a statement of this kind. As for me, I believe implicitly in the word of President Young on the subject.

In Salt Lake City, in a sermon delivered by President Young on Sunday, July 8, 1849, the original minutes of which are on file in the Historian's Office, he said: "The mountaineers never thought we could raise grain here. Mr. Bridger said he would give one thousand dollars if he only knew we could raise an ear of corn. I knew in the temple of Nauvoo that we could raise grain here."

In a speech delivered on the floor of the Senate, July 8, 1850, on the bill, "To admit California into the Union; to establish territorial governments for Utah and New Mexico; making proposals to Texas for the establishment of the western and northern boundaries," Senator Truman Smith of Connecticut quoted a letter written to him, by Erastus Snow, which was dated at Washington City, March 15, 1850. In this letter occurs the following: "Captain Bridger and Vasques, who have a trading post at one of the most eligible trading points on Black's fork of the Green river, where several unsuccessful attempts at agriculture had been made, remarked to me, in the spring of 1847, that he would give one thousand dollars to know whether an ear of Indian corn could be raised in Great Salt Lake valley."

Surely the statements made, within three years of their coming into the valley, by these two men, who devoted their whole lives to the making of this great state and for the development of their fellow-men, ought to be taken as proof that Jim Bridger did make this offer concerning the raising of corn.

#### THE END OF THE TRAIL

When the carriage in which he was riding reached the summit of Big Mountain, President Young asked the driver to stop and turn the carriage around. Here the eyes of the Prophet leader beheld the Great Salt Lake valley—this valley which he had already seen in vision—the valley too, that Joseph the Prophet had likewise beheld and to which he had prophesied, five years previously, the Saints would be driven.

The Spirit of Light rested upon the sick and toil-worn body of the Prophet Brigham, and also hovered over the valley, and he knew they had reached the end of the trail and that the Saints would here find protection and safety.

# “Mormonism” Survives Liberty Jail

BY PRESIDENT B. H. ROBERTS, OF THE FIRST  
COUNCIL OF SEVENTY

**L**IBERTY JAIL! How paradoxical the title! Liberty and prison are antithetical, and are supposed to have nothing in common; but when it is known that this particular prison is associated with “liberty” simply because it stood in a little Missouri town of that name—the county seat of Clay county, and about fifteen miles directly north of Independence—the seeming paradox vanishes. As will be seen by reference to the cut of this “Mormon” historical monument, Liberty prison is fallen into ruins, and some years ago was entirely obliterated. The prison was built of rough-dressed limestone, the surface of which was of a yellowish color. It faced east and was about two hundred yards from the court house. Its dimensions were about twenty by twenty-two feet and the walls two feet thick. It had a heavy door in the east made strong and of considerable thickness by spiking inch oak planks together. In the south side there was a small opening a foot and a half square with strong iron bars, two inches apart, firmly imbedded in the stones of the wall. The contract for erecting this building was let in April, 1833, and in the December following the jail was completed. It cost the county six hundred dollars, Solomon Fry being the contractor.

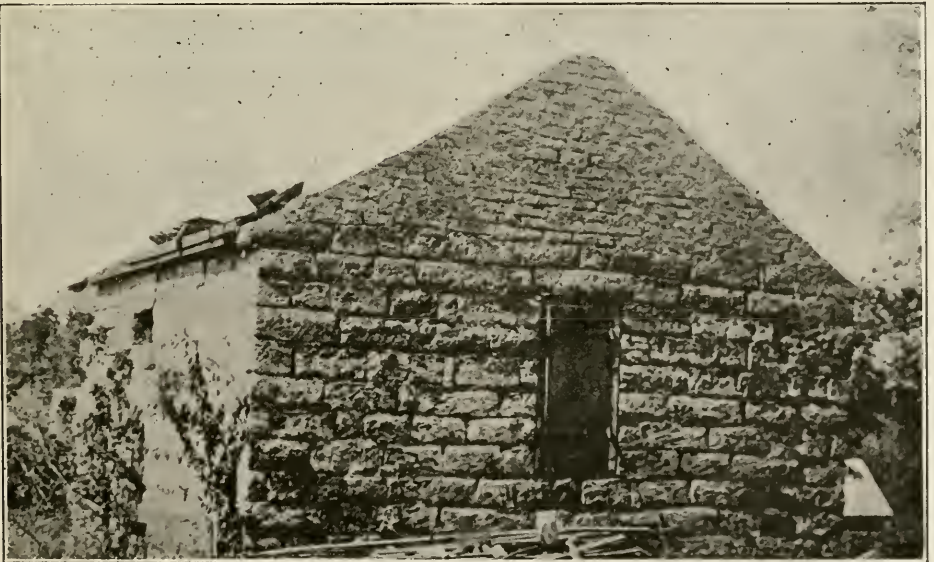
It was within these gloomy walls that the Prophet Joseph Smith endured some of the most cruel sufferings that were crowded into his eventful life. For several months during the winter of 1838-9 he was imprisoned within the rude walls of this old structure, awaiting a trial for offenses charged against himself and brethren during the troubles in upper Missouri in the fall of 1838. Those imprisoned with him were his brother Hyrum Smith, Lyman Wight, Caleb Baldwin, Alexander McRae and Sidney Rigdon; but the last named prisoner was admitted to bail after a short time of imprisonment, owing to the delicate state of his health.

The rise of persecution against the Latter-day Saints in Missouri, which culminated in the expulsion of more than twelve hundred of them from their homes in Jackson county, in the winter of 1838; as also their subsequent settlement in several counties north of the Missouri river in 1836, together with the final expulsion of some fifteen thousand of the Saints from the confines of Missouri, in 1838, under the exterminating order of the governor of the state,



Lilburn W. Boggs, and executed by the state militia, are circumstances which belong rather to the domain of history than to this article. It will be sufficient here to say that the measures taken by the Saints for self-protection were construed into acts of aggressive warfare; and acts of self-defense were made criminal. It was for his connection with these measures of self-protection and self-defense that the Prophet and his associates were arraigned before courts where well known mobocrats sat as judges, and imprisoned these men to await the slow process of courts reluctant to bring them to trial lest the exposure of the proceedings in upper Missouri would bring reproach upon the state. We are concerned here, however, only with Liberty jail and the Prophet's life within its walls. His suffering was great and went far beyond the irritation which comes to active spirits when confined, unwholesome food, and the petty tyranny of unfriendly guards. The Prophet could not forget that while he himself was compelled to endure this enforced inactivity his own family and the entire Church, stripped of their earthly possessions, were being driven from the state at an inclement season of the year under circumstances of extreme cruelty. It was reflecting upon these conditions which wrung from him the soul-cry with which one of his revelations opens:

"O God! where art thou? And where is the pavilion that covereth thy hiding place? How long shall thy hand be stayed, and thine eye, yea thy pure eye, behold from the eternal heavens, the wrongs of thy people, and of thy servants, and thine ear be penetrated with their cries? Yea, O Lord, how long shall they suffer these



LIBERTY JAIL—THE PRISON-TEMPLE OF MISSOURI

wrongs and unlawful oppressions before thine heart shall be softened towards them, and thy bowels be moved with compassion towards them?"

To which the Lord made answer:

"My son, peace be unto thy soul; thine adversity and thine afflictions shall be but a small moment; and then, if thou endure it well, God shall exalt thee on high; thou shalt triumph over all thy foes; thy friends do stand by thee, and they shall hail thee again, with warm hearts and friendly hands; thou art not yet as Job; thy friends do not contend against thee, neither charge thee with transgression, as they did Job; and they who do charge thee with transgression, their hope shall be blasted, and their prospects shall melt away as the hoar frost melteth before the burning rays of the rising sun.

"The ends of the earth shall inquire after thy name, and fools shall have thee in derision, and hell shall rage against thee, while the pure in heart, and the wise, and the noble, and the virtuous, shall seek counsel, and authority, and blessings constantly from under thy hand, and thy people shall never be turned against thee by the testimony of traitors."

In the foregoing may be observed a prophecy which has met with remarkable fulfilment—the Prophet's people have never been turned against him by the testimony of traitors, however determined they may have been in such efforts.

It was not all gloom in Liberty prison, either, during the time the Prophet and his brethren occupied it. As in all cases where the servants of God are imprisoned, the sweet and peaceful influences of the Holy Spirit were enjoyed. Within those gloomy prison walls some important revelations were received; petitions and remonstrances drafted, and letters of counsel and direction written to the Saints by the Prophet and his associates. Friends visited them from time to time, to assure the Prophet of their esteem and confidence. The wives of some of the prisoners, including the Prophet's, visited them to inquire of their welfare and take their leave of them before departing from the state.

The Prophet and his brethren having no confidence in the integrity of the courts of Missouri, and conscious of their own innocence, made several efforts to escape from Liberty jail, but without success. In April the prisoners were taken to Daviess county for trial, but finding Judge Thomas C. Birch on the bench, a man who had been connected with the courtmartial which had condemned the prisoners to be shot in the public square at Far West, but a few months before, they asked for a change of venue to Marion county. This was denied, but one was given them to Boone county. Judge Birch made out the mittimus without date, name or place and the prisoners enroute for the next place of trial, with the connivance of their guards, made their escape, and ten days later arrived among their friends, who meantime had gathered to the city of Quincy and vicinity, in Illinois.

It may be true that prisons, like chains, survive the captives they enthrall; but in this instance the prison did not survive the work, at least, of its most illustrious captives; for while the prison is now obliterated, the work for which these "Mormon" prisoners stood, flourishes in a mightier strength than it ever knew in Missouri.

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### SAVED THROUGH INSPIRATION

Lee's Ferry is one of the few places where it is possible to cross the Colorado river. This is where the Utah-Arizona pioneers crossed and re-crossed this great stream. The Arizona Indians also crossed at this place, often to rob and plunder the villages and ranches in southern Utah. During the 80's the Indians were particularly hostile and committed many murders and depredations.

During this time Mrs. Lee lived at the ferry. She had a number of children and her house was small. One evening she saw a band of Indians coming across the river. She had heard of their recent attacks and knew they were on the warpath. All the men folks who lived at the ferry had gone—to be absent for several days. She was all alone with her children. The Indians came to the house and demanded what they wanted from her meagre store of supplies. She hoped they would move on after supper, but they did not. They camped at the side of her house. As they were sitting about the small campfire she overheard their conversation. She understood enough to know that they were planning to kill her children, rob the house and to carry her away with them.

Under these terrible circumstances, what could she do? She could send nowhere for help. She gathered the children about her, told them of the terrible danger they were in, and said that only God could save them. They all knelt about their bed, the poor mother prayed first and then she called on each of the children, in turn, to pray for protection. As soon as the last child had finished, the mother arose and said that while the children were praying the Lord had shown her just what to do. Then she proceeded to do this remarkable thing:

She carried the bedding out to where the Indians were camped and made her bed within the circle of astonished savages. Then she took the children out also and went to bed with them. She was not molested during the night. The next morning as the Indians moved on, the big chief came to her and she understood him to say: "You are a very brave little woman. From now on you need never fear the Redskins. They will never do you any harm." From that time on all Indians who passed that way treated her with respect, and she had no further fear of them.—*LeRoi C. Snow.*

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### LONELINESS

There is a loneliness when man from man  
Is severed, nor in all life's span  
They meet and understand.

But the loneliness that wracking slays  
Is the fearful lack all one's days  
Of God's upholding Hand.



# New Priesthood-M. I. A. Plan\*

BY MELVIN J. BALLARD, ASSISTANT GENERAL SUPERINTENDENT  
Y. M. M. I. A.

IT IS NOT my purpose to go into a detailed discussion of this plan. That is the business of this conference. It will be considered in the various departments, and my only desire is to try to get you into the right attitude towards it and to make you feel it is the best thing that has yet been devised for the promotion of Priesthood and M. I. A. interests. First of all, I should like to say that the plan was devised primarily to give a simplified program for the membership of the Church involved. We have but one group of men and boys and women and girls. There must be one unified, simplified program for this work. No one organization in the Church can do everything for the entire group. There has been delegated to each organization its specific field. We recognize that the Priesthood is the very life of the Church. It is to the Church what the mainspring is to a watch, the power by which it goes. The auxiliary organizations are but helps in government to the Priesthood. The Sunday School serves the Priesthood and gives the opportunity not only to the Priesthood but to the whole Church to study its theology. The Mutual Improvement Associations help the Priesthood in the leisure-time field, cooperating with the brethren in eliminating an unnecessary meeting. Therefore one night is chosen for the consideration of Priesthood assignments and other problems. Then in addition to Priesthood participation, the participation of the sisters of the Church in this program has been devised. In Mutual Improvement classes, in the Young Men's department, we discovered that deacons, teachers and priests were studying programs similar to those in our Priesthood manuals, in some instances the very identical lessons, and in addition, an activity program was being built up. The Presiding Bishopric and Superintendency of the Young Men, in studying this program, concluded that, having but one group, we could not have two competitive programs. And so the fine things the Priesthood has been doing and the fine things the Y. M. M. I. A. has been presenting in the manuals for these boys are to be consolidated in lesson work that will be given during the Priesthood section; and the activities that have been presented in both Priesthood and M. I. A. will be given by the Mutual Improvement organization. They are serving, one in one field and the other in the other. When we come to the adult group there is an enlargement of our field work, because there comes to this division the

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\*Address delivered at the General Joint Session of the Thirty-third Annual Conference of Y. M. and Y. L. M. I. A., June 3, 1928.

adult people of the Church, where adult education in the Church can be projected in many lines, for there will be elective courses. It is not expected that men and women will go home when the Priesthood period is ended. There should be a loyal support of this period on the part of the M. I. A., and then a loyal support of the M. I. A. on the part of the Priesthood, and men or women should not fail to enter into the department provided for them.

We should like you, therefore, to feel that, after very careful thought and consideration on the part of all interested, this plan was conceived as the solution to a rather complicated situation that was arising because of this competition and rivalry and multiplicity of meetings. And so it is hoped under this simplified plan that the M. I. A. organization may render service to and magnify the Priesthood, and in return we shall receive benefits by an increase, undoubtedly, in the attendance at the M. I. A. I am looking for at least 25% increase in attendance and enrollment during the first year. We hope none of you will go home and complain about it or feel that the M. I. A. is being shelved or side-tracked. We may yield something, but we are yielding it for ourselves, for the Priesthood is the very heart and life of this Church, and anything that promotes and magnifies it is a thing to be desired by every member of the Church. So, if we are yielding something, it is to help keep the Priesthood where it belongs, at the head of the procession. But by willingly and cheerfully adopting this plan we are really losing nothing in the development of the work assigned to us, for we will receive the hearty cooperation of the Priesthood. I can see a more glorious future for this movement than ever before. Though its field is perhaps more elaborate, yet in its development we shall find employment for all our talents, our time and ability; and so let us fall in line with the spirit of this program.

It is contemplated that work shall be done on Tuesday night. M. I. A. will start September 1 and run until May 31. It is not expected that summer work will be carried on, but if the Priesthood decides to continue on Tuesday during the summer, then a program should be planned for the Young Men; but where a ward chooses to hold a Priesthood meeting at some hour on Sunday during the summer time, it is not necessary to plan an M. I. A. program. But when September 1 comes we do expect that Tuesday night will be given up for our work. Let us give our loyal support to the plan which has been studied out with care and thought, and have clearly in mind that we are servants in the Lord's house and, having been given our assignment, cheerfully accept it and with all our might, mind and strength help to accomplish it. God give us power to develop it, I pray, in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

# The Slogan'

BY DR. GEORGE H. BRIMHALL, OF THE GENERAL BOARD  
Y. M. M. I. A.

I AM informed that ten minutes has been allotted for this exercise. If you look on the front page of your program you will find, near the bottom, our slogan. We might take a moment to read it. It has been suggested, on as good authority as I could consult, that when we think this slogan or speak it or read it, that we think and speak and read it as consisting of two parts, the essential and the explanatory, and when we say, "We stand for law," we have said it all, the other part is explanatory. In repeating it, we may consistently place emphasis on the words, law, live and enforce.

This slogan has behind it, under it, on both sides of it, in front of it, and above it, some great fundamental truths, and one of these truths is that there is no escape from law. Law is in the universe, of the universe and with the universe. There is no place in time or space where law is not in force, some high, some low, some swift, some slow, some free and some coerce. God moves by laws, effect and cause, throughout his broad domain. We must obey high law, or stay where lower law doth reign. Law is inseparable from liberty. What is liberty? The best definition of liberty that I have ever seen is that liberty is the privilege of obeying law. The higher the law, the greater the liberty, and the lower the law, the less the liberty. The sweep of this truth may be illustrated in the flight of Lindbergh: Freedom, liberty, safety, speed, all the result of complying with law: and then another youth led from the court to the prison cell for life, all in conformity to unescapable law. It takes a long time for people to understand these fundamental truths. There is law in life, there is law in death, law in health and law in disease. When we step over from the domain of one law we are immediately in the domain of another law. We have our liberty, our freedom, the freedom to obey the law of the kingdom in which we choose to work our way.

This slogan has behind it one of the fundamental announcements of our religion: "We believe in obeying, honoring and sustaining the law." There are people who obey the law, but they do not honor it by standing up and defending it. They will say, "Well, I am a teetotaler, isn't that enough? Let men have their

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liberty or their privilege of accepting or rejecting without my interference or meddling with them, trying to proselyte them into temperance." Here we have a case of one who obeys the law but does not fully honor it. Then there are others who will speak of a law, as well as obey it, but they are weak on the point of sustaining it to a finish. That is to say they will not valiantly sustain the law by standing by the officers who enforce it. The slogan has behind it that great fundamental truth announced by the Prophet, that whenever any blessing is obtained (obtained not simply appearing to be obtained, but made a part of our eternal inheritance) it must be through obedience to the law upon which that blessing is predicated.

[Audience stood, at request of Dr. Brimhall, and repeated the slogan:

"We stand for *Law*: For the People Who *Live* It and the Officers Who *Enforce* It."]

Now it is hoped that when this slogan is presented in the various stakes and wards that the presentation will be accompanied with a seriousness and soul fervor that shall arouse and keep awake a determination to let our light so shine that men seeing our good works may glorify our Father which is in heaven.

May the Lord bless us to this end, I pray, in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

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### A PRAYER

Teach me to live, that each successive day  
May be more worth the living than the last,  
That more of beauty, more of joy, I'll see  
In simpler tasks.

I ask not for a life of ease or wealth,  
Nor yet for power, glory, praise or fame,  
But just that I may worship at the shrine  
Of wisdom's light.

To know that thou, O God, with love divine,  
Will lead me on in search of truth and light,  
And keep my faltering footsteps in the way  
Of knowledge bright.

That I may see more clearly how to live  
Within the laws which emanate from thee,  
And greater love and greater mercy see  
In all life's acts.

# The Choice Before Us\*

BY KEMMIE BAGLEY, M MAN, COTTONWOOD STAKE



WE ARE living in a new world. There are situations now that never existed before. Steam, gasoline and electricity are the three magicians which have accomplished the transformation. They have annihilated space. They have tunnelled the mountains and narrowed the seas. The continents have been linked together. The nations are all neighbors. A thousand new points of contact have been created. Nations can never go back to their former isolation. Races can never again hide behind mountains or seas. The neighborhood is here. The problem is how to convert it into a brotherhood.

The difficulty in this program lies in the fact that the international world has never been moralized. Statesmen have made a difference between personal morality and national morality. Deceiving others, oppressing the weak, stealing territory, destroying property and murdering rivals—acts which are criminal between men—are not considered wrong between nations. In short, the diplomacy of the modern world is still Pagan. Barbaric standards have been allowed to remain. It is because of the survival of these ideas that we have also the survival of one of the practices of the primeval world,—WAR,—the custom of settling international disputes by killing men. War belongs to a low stage of human development. It has no rightful place in the civilization of the day. There are men who yet see in it something glorious, but they are men of stunted moral character. Men who are truly civilized look upon it with horror and loathing. It belongs to the dogmas of barbarism.

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\*Speech which won first place at the grand finals of the Y. M. M. I. A. M Men Public Speaking Contest, June conference, 1928.

The greatest task that lies before humanity in the remainder of the twentieth century is to check, limit and finally to eliminate the institution of war. If war goes on unchecked, following its present tendencies, it means the destruction of whole races, always the best races, and the downfall of civilization.

Yes! it will be difficult to eliminate war. It is so deeply rooted in human institutions. It is so easy to stir up hatreds. So hard to create understandings. It is not enough to want peace or to admire peace or to hope for peace. We must make it. Like all other fine things, it is the result of effort. Jesus pronounced no beatitude on the peace wishers or peace dreamers or peace hoppers, but only on the peace makers. And peace can only be made by the efforts of tens of thousands of men who have determined that they will never give up until the victory has been won.

But sometimes every effort to get the world into a different mood and practice is discouraged on the ground that all such efforts are hopeless. "Human nature is what it is," runs the argument, "and cannot be changed. There have been wars from the beginning and there will be wars to the end. They are forever inevitable and consequently our only wise course is to prepare for them."

This belief that man's intelligence cannot determine the character of human society is not only crudely materialistic, but implies a gross spiritual slavery. It is not only anti-social, it is anti-human; fatal, not only to internationalism, but to all the achieving aspirations of man.

History declares on every page that human nature *can* be changed. You cannot change the constitution of the human mind nor the corpuscles of the human blood, but you can change man's ideals, his beliefs, his desires, and when you change these you change his conduct, and when you change his conduct you change the world. Because a thing has existed for centuries, it does not follow that it shall always be.

And our protests against war are destined to succeed, just as, centuries earlier in the history of the race, the sentiment of pity and respect for human life called a halt to slavery, witchcraft, torture and sacrifice.

There came a time, to Greek and Jewish peoples, when a few set their faces against human sacrifice as a religious rite of their highest faith; bound up (like our wars) with old fealties and with solemn customs and with their most desperate fears. Humble men and women, out of sheer affection for their kind, revolted, and finally there came to be enough to carry a generation with them. It took these people many centuries to rid themselves entirely of



human sacrifice. During these centuries they relapsed again and again in periods of national despair. So have we fallen back into warfare, again and again, until in self-pity, in self-defense, in self-assertion of the right to live, not as hitherto a few, but the whole people of the world will brook this thing no longer.

For we *can* have peace. We can have it as soon as we are willing to pay the price. And the price, curiously enough, is not to be expressed in money, nor in lives lost, nor in the abandonment of anything that makes for real national greatness. The only thing to be sacrificed is *pride*. The only thing to be destroyed is the cruel lie that lives in the existing conception of nationality. Unless the creed of this nationalistic dogma is stamped out, the world war will be repeated again and again, with greater butchery and with greater shame.

The last war was the direct result of forces that were perfectly open in their operation and perfectly certain in their issue. The statesmen of the world could not, or did not, rise above the provincialism of nationality. Remorselessly, or blindly, or stupidly, —some will say deliberately,—they drove the great machines of modern warfare into each other, head on.

And that titanic struggle taught us this, if nothing else, that any program that ignores the superlative value of human life must lead finally to disaster. Civilization based on the doctrine of nationality has failed. The old program is damned to all eternity. The new program must rest on the idea Burns had in mind when he wrote, "a man's a man for a' that." It doesn't matter whether he is stamped French or German, Italian or English, Scandinavian or Hebrew. Patriotism is, assuredly, one of the strongest and purest instincts of the soul. Noble as it is, however, it cannot be regarded as a complete and final virtue in itself, but only one step onward in the development of that final virtue which is the sentiment, not of country, but of humanity.

We all love America. We cherish her history, revere her heroes, admire her people, hail her destiny. Noble sentiment? Yes! But humanity is more important than nationality. One's first duty is not to country but to mankind. "Let no man glory in this," says Baha, "that he loves his country. Let him rather glory in this that he loves his fellow-man." For just as surely as feudalism gave way to nationalism, so must nationalism merge into federation in the movement of civilization.

Democracies must unite, not as nations, not as sovereignties, not as governments, but as peoples. The humanization of nations means the passing of war.

*Now there is a choice before us:*

We can ally ourselves with the vanishing past. We can follow the wasting precedents of former years. We can re-erect the old barriers, call up the old prejudices, rehabilitate the old fears, renew the old hatreds, re-assert the doctrine of nationality and proceed to get ready for the next war.

Or—

We can pledge our efforts to a better future. We can attempt a beautiful and original achievement, and, reflecting that ancient saying, "nothing that is human is to me foreign," we can become so united that neither militarism nor nationality nor the foolish pride of governments can ever again sow the earth with death.

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## REAL JOY

The way to find joy in your life, young man,  
Is to lose yourself in your work,  
For the restless soul is the one who tries  
All the up-hill pulls to shirk.

Just fix a high goal for yourself, young man,  
Not yourself, but the work of your hands,  
Sure-guided and manned by a clear-set brain  
And a heart that understands.

Just forget you are striving or struggling, boy,  
Forget yourself and your cults,  
Forget all the tiresome and wearisome hours,  
With your eye on the great results.

With an interest keen and a purpose strong,  
Go forth at each new-born day,  
Unnoted the heat or the wintry blast  
Or the thorns along the way.

Remember no more the up-hill climb,  
Nor that you must push and sweat;  
Remember no more the heavy road—  
The end you've no need to forget.

In the world's mad rush for pleasure, boy,  
In its wild stampede for a "thrill,"  
Is the curse of earth and Folly's crown  
And a death blow to manly will.

After all, 'tis the *aim* that's the noble theme;  
Rewards in the harvest lurk;  
And your soul will thrill when the goal you've gained.  
Man, lose yourself in your work.

# A Pioneer Tourist

BY DAVE RUST

(Albert Tissandier, a French traveler, visited Utah and the region north of the Grand Canyon during the summer of 1885. The following excerpt is a translation from his book of travels, *Six Mois Aux Etats Unis*.)

The regions of Southern Utah, the province of the "Mormons," and of the Kaibab Plateau, in northern Arizona, are almost unknown to Americans, much less to Europeans. Major Powell, director of the Geological Survey at Washington, during fifteen years, has made numerous explorations in this curious country, and by his grace and kindly counsel I was able to make this remarkable journey.

From Salt Lake City the railroad conducted me in thirteen hours to Milford, where the grand excursion really commenced. This small journey on rails in the "Mormon" country did not resemble any other. After having passed the valley and borders of Utah Lake, there was in view only the perspective of arid and sandy deserts. The stations and stops were very primitive. One of them, by the name of "Juab," the most remarkable, perhaps, was composed of six or seven wooden houses. The railroad had given it birth. At the close of the day we dined with the conductor and his aides at one side of the baggage car.

A single traveler, Mr. Lund, kept me company in the train. The cooking was done in a frying pan. If the provisions of the employees were modest, they were none the less offered with a good heart. The recompense demanded was insignificant.

The severe panorama of mountains and plains developed drearily enough. At nine o'clock in the evening we arrived at Milford. A little house constructed of planks was the hotel.

At seven in the morning, with Mr. Lund, my amiable companion, I entered the post-wagon which was to take us to Silver Reef. The vehicle was without springs, the cover had a hole in the top, and it was impossible to lean back in order

to get a few moments' repose during the intense heat of the day—really a tiresome journey. The roads were mere tracks. It is necessary to refrain from writing about the number of bumps experienced and the grievous state of our persons, unrecognizable on account of the clouds of dust produced by the wheels of the wagon.

Twelve hours we passed thus without much charm, until we arrived finally at Cedar City, a "Mormon" village, which was certainly an oasis after the long, monotonous route pursued since morning. This village had lovely avenues planted with trees, brick houses and enclosed yards filled with fruits and vegetables. Rivulets of living water descend from the mountain.

Mr. Lund was a "Mormon." He knew all the inhabitants and his first care was to conduct me to the bishop of Cedar, who gave us entertainment for the night. The bishop was cultured. His wife appeared to be intelligent. It was she who served us at the table. The home, irreproachably neat, served as an asylum for the rare travelers who pass through. It was also the telegraph office. There were carpets everywhere, papers lay on the table. The young daughters of the bishop, to close the evening, played on the organ. One of the boys sang some romantic songs with the girls. We visited several "Mormon" farmers at Cedar. In all the houses I noted the same order and neatness and comfort—unbelievable in a country so far removed from civilization. It was necessary to depart at three in the morning. Mr. Lund accompanied me. We said adieu to the good bishop and his family. Every one arose to wish us the traditional "bon voyage."

About one o'clock we arrived at Silver Reef and entered the grand rocks of Utah.



Certainly the character of this country does not resemble in the least any of the countries of Europe. The vegetation lies on the sandy soil of green, white, rose, yellow, gold, of the most brilliant hues. The mountains, mostly of sandstone, are vivid with similar colors. The diverse tints shading from one to the other give a strange, indescribable effect.

I stopped a day at Silver Reef, a small town of about four hundred inhabitants from various parts of the world, Chinese, Indians, Irish, Canadians, Americans, even some Sisters of Charity. Silver Reef was on a boom because of silver mines discovered there several years before. Mr. Allen, director of one of the mines, wished me to visit his. In the six years that it had been exploited it had produced about \$18,000,000.

Before bidding me good-bye, Mr. Lund presented me to the guide who was to conduct me to Kanab. He was a Canadian who spoke French well, educated in Canada in a family of relatively easy means. He was a curious type. He had dissipated all his allowance. After shipping as a sailor, he became a miner. In San Francisco he grew rich, but was ruined three times in a few years through speculation and was reduced to a common laborer. He was then a livery-man, and was thoroughly convinced that he would make his fortune a fourth time.

We installed ourselves in a wagon as uncomfortable as that which brought me to Silver Reef, and the roads were not less bad. Happily, the country is magnificent. The rocks of the Virgin River are of rose color and silver gray, and I regarded with surprise their tooth-shape silhouettes in a thousand fantastic shapes. We passed through the village of Toquerville, all the houses of which are hidden under trees and vines.

The solitudes commenced again. Throughout the journey we were in the desert. We encountered the Vermilion Cliffs, a long chain of red sandstone mountains which dominate the grand prairie. As we journeyed into the night, the moonlight illuminated all these grand scenes. At mid-night, our horses fatigued by their

fifteen hours of travel, we stopped at Pipe Spring. In spite of the advanced hour of the night, we were graciously received. The gate to the fort was opened at our call, and we spent the night enveloped in our blankets. The next day at noon we arrived at Kanab.

Kanab is situated on the bank of a river, almost always dried up. The great rocks of red sandstone bound the village on one side. It had a population of about five hundred souls. Isolation was complete, but by industry, they were connected with the most fortunate cities of their country. The telegraph was installed here. Each house was in an enclosure surrounded with a hedge of yellow rose bushes. The streets were bordered with acacias. The "Mormons" love gardens and tend them with great care.

Nathan Adams, who was to be my future guide, extended me hospitality. There was no hotel in Kanab. It was necessary to lodge with an inhabitant or camp out in the open. Kanab was the central point at which to outfit to make excursions into the Grand Canyon country.

My first journey in company with Nathan had for its objective Mount Trumbull and the Toroweap, a trip of about seven days. At the single village store we bought some preserved foods, and other things; there was scarcely any variety or possible choice. Nathan led the way with his son who was a useful aide. We had for ourselves three horses and another one for our baggage.

The regular life of the tourist organized itself about like this: Get up at four in the morning, breakfast at five, with the table-cloth on the grass. We had bacon, preserved salmon, water, and bread which Nathan made three times a day. The tired animals had nothing to eat but meagre grass and sometimes hardly any water. Several times we passed an entire day without any drinkable water. The heat made the water we carried very hard to drink. But the originality and splendor of the country compensates largely for the want of complete comfort; one becomes rapidly accustomed to these small miseries.

On leaving Kanab, it was necessary to

go back by way of Pipe Spring, one of the rare spots where good water is found. The inhabitants had already shown me hospitality; this time I was received with marked cordiality by the mistress of the house and her daughters. If I was astonished at Cedar City by the welcome and attentions of the bishop, I was much more so at Pipe Spring. I wish to be sincere. These "Mormon" women were distinguished and cultured in spite of the fact that they were, in reality, only peasants living in a savage and lonely place. In the depths of our French country, in the least known corners of our provinces, our fellow-citizens of the fields are a thousand times less solitary than these people of Utah and Arizona, and yet I can say they are often less civilized. All about Pipe Spring herds of cattle pasture, watched over by cowboys, hardy young men habituated to privations. I said good-bye to my gracious hostesses. Several cowboys wished me good health and "fresh water to drink," while helping me to mount my horse.

We left the high escarpment of the Vermilion Cliffs to enter a real desert of desolate aspect. The horses traveled with difficulty in the powdery sands. The least breeze raised at a distance small whirlwinds. Under our feet numerous flowers grew—but it was the month of June, a little later everything would be burnt and nothing left but dreary dryness. We encountered some antelope, and a troupe of wild horses. At the close of the day, we emerged from the sands for we were approaching Mount Trumbull. The numerous clinkers which covered the earth attested to the disorders of past cycles. The aspect of the route changes, and one can see a sort of sea of lava relatively recent. A mountain covered with meagre verdure borders the coulees which are black as the Styx.

We descended with difficulty from all these rocks, leading our horses. Most of the horses in this country are not shod; in consequence, the clinkers bruised their feet. However, there was no other route to follow to reach the sandy valley of the Toroweap close to the canyon. Long and

relatively straight, this valley is enclosed by colossal rocks of surprising colors. That evening we had no reason to complain at our encampment at the foot of a wall like a fortress. Shaded by an old cedar, we were on a plateau of rounded sandstone.

The scene changed but it was none the less stunning. Here at my feet was the grand precipice of the Toroweap, at the foot of which flowed the Colorado. It was a matchless spectacle of erosion over three thousand feet deep. We were compelled to make detours along the rim and at each instant were presented more and more admirable views. We could not camp long on the Toroweap plateau because of shortage of water. Nathan and his son discovered a little stagnant rain water in a crevice of the rocks but only our horses could drink it.

We returned to Kanab by the same route in order to organize an excursion to the Kaibab. Upon arriving at the village, we were told that the Indians who often camped in the vicinity, and among whom I counted on finding a guide, had departed to hunt deer in the forests of the Kaibab. They would not come back for a month. I could not wait so long and commenced to wonder if I would be able to continue my journey. Nathan knew the country well but he did not wish to take the responsibility of conducting me alone into this wilderness. He said, "I must have an Indian with me; only they know how to orient themselves in the virgin forests." The "Mormons" advised me to go straight to the camp of the Indians, probably near a spring a long day's journey from Kanab. Once there, Nathan, who knew some words of the Ute language, could certainly find a guide. I was satisfied to follow this advice, and we left at once.

The same evening at sunset we arrived at Mangum Spring where we found the camp as indicated by the "Mormons." It was an improvised installation of eight or nine tents in a clearing; about twenty Indians with their squaws and children. Their tents were made from branches cut from neighboring trees, with a poor piece of cloth or an animal skin covering these simple shelters. We camped near the In-

dians to get the benefit of the spring. Our horses fraternized with those of the savages and disappeared into the underbrush. Near us under the pines were two shacks of Americans; they had some cattle, and like the Indians lived in the forest with their families.

After supper the Indians paid me a visit. I gave them a little of Nathan's bread and some sips of coffee. The children, almost naked, approached me. They were timid, but a few grains of sugar sufficed to calm them. Nathan explained as best he could my presence and the purpose of my trip. The next morning I returned the visit and saw their women, who, unfortunately, are rarely pretty. During this time Nathan was getting information from a guide. Under his persuasions, a young Indian who was making his toilet in his tent decided to accompany us. His name was John Panickos. His face was painted. I cannot think of a more handsome guide. He demanded \$1.25 a day for himself and horse. That was agreed at once, and we started immediately.

Through the forest we traveled for two days and arrived at Point Sublime. It is one of the most interesting on the Kaibab. I stopped, dazzled and fascinated. When contemplating such a picture, I cannot believe that I am really on the earth. It is a consecrated country. For several days I experienced the same sentiments of admiration. Between the colossal fissures I saw from time to time the Colorado, its waters flowing beneath the precipices and lost in fantastic bends at a depth of 1800 meters below me.

I made a number of sketches. During the hours that I was drawing, our Indian armed with a flint-lock musket hunted deer. Thanks to him, we had plenty of choice meat.

We descended, through inextricable forests, the east side of the plateau into the Pagump valley. Here two young Americans living in a small cabin were taking care of horses and cattle. We were for them a distraction: an Indian, a "Mormon," a Frenchman and four horses appearing suddenly. They ran to meet us, very happy to talk with mortals descended,

as if by enchantment, from the Kaibab 600 meters above their cabin.

Nathan introduced me. "This," said he, "is a Parisian who has come to sketch the canyons of Arizona." I showed my collection of rough sketches. On seeing them, Messrs. Gibson and Gillett were filled with enthusiasm. "Stay with us," they said, "we have a treasure to show you. We will lend you horses while yours rest." This lively friendliness charmed me. The treasure was a view of the Marble Canyon, which Nathan did not know. We accepted their proposition,—one of the best excursions of the whole trip.

John, our Indian, seeing that we could return from here to Kanab without his assistance, disappeared in the forest with his horse without saying good-bye and without obtaining the money which was due him. Nathan had said that he would pay him at Kanab. That satisfied him; he had confidence.

Our hosts desired to show us their herds of cattle and horses. "We have been fortunate this season," said Mr. Gibson, "we have branded 500 calves. If this continues for a few years, we will have enough dollars to return your visit in Paris and to finish the rest of our existence in one of the large American cities."

Our adieus were very affectionate. On the return, we camped at Cane Spring. In the morning about four, a band of horses driven by a cowboy rushed in with a gallop. After having assuaged their thirst, they returned to the desert range. The effect was startling. The young cowboy remained behind, and asked permission to accompany me. This was a favor easy to accord. Nathan in the meantime was baking our daily bread.

I left Cane Spring with Nathan and my cowboy. We made a pretty hard stage, five hours in the desert under the full blaze of the sun, before arriving at House-rock, a spring almost as solitary as that which we left behind, except that here we found a cabin occupied by an old man and a young boy.

My last night in Arizona I spent at Navajo Well, a most solitary spot. Here we found, between two rocks, a trough



filled with water. It was a sort of natural cistern. People came here to drink for there was a long journey ahead over the sands. This was an open place. The red walls tinted the horizon. The last rays of daylight faded little by little. The moon commenced to give us light. From the sages the crickets gave us a final concert merged with plaintive cries of doves roosting in the stunted cedars and the tinkling of our horse-bells, a charming diversion in the quiet of the wild plain.

Back to Kanab, I had to prepare to re-enter civilization at Salt Lake City. Like the rest, this last portion of my trip will always be interesting. From Kanab to Panguitch the country is not less incredible than that of Arizona. It is even more curious, more extraordinary, without being so grand. The colors of the rocks of Southern Utah are absolutely extraordinary. I asked myself if, in reality, I was not dreaming these things which I drew and tried to describe.

Near Marysvale, I found more magnificent scenes in the mountains. I was reminded of the rocky defiles of the Pyrenees; the same vegetation and similar cascades. At Monroe, the same as at Marysvale, the verdure had a gay and refreshing appearance.

The "Mormon" families in these remote regions lived after the manner of the ancient pastoral people. They were often

*Kanab, Utah.*

entirely isolated. Only a few books, and some maps hung on the wall of the common room. Rarely these solitary farmers received news from the outside; there were not many letters expected. The post-man passed in his primitive carriage, in which he had place for a traveler; but he did not often make distribution at the houses. At some point along his route, a wooden box was attached to a post, to receive letters and parcels. The "Mormon" who hoped for news often rode a long distance to see if something addressed to him might be in this box.

The "Mormons" have a lively faith in their religion. They receive baptism and in other ways follow as closely as possible the biblical customs.

After my curious sojourn in the province of Utah and Arizona, I can assert that the "Mormons" are hospitable, kind to strangers, mild and well instructed. Most of them take an interest in affairs of civilization. I often think with pleasure of the cordial and touching reception; they received me as a brother—what more could I ask? Upon returning to Salt Lake City, I was glad to see again some kindly people who had aided me with advice—the Governor of the Territory, M. Murray, and Andre l'Orme, attache of the French Consulate. My adieus soon put an end to this, since I had to rush into other adventures and remain two days in a new sleeping-car.

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## THE NEGLECTED GRAVE OF A "MORMON" PIONEER

Was it for this he strove:  
This unfrequented path I see,  
This grave unkept, sunken, rude,  
Unmarked save for a blackened board,  
Symbol of man's ingratitude?

Men of today, I understand it not.  
Was this the end for which he toiled and fought?

This resting-place in ruin and decay,  
These rank weeds feeding o'er his head,  
This broken fence, this gate moulding in the mire,  
This mean abandon of the deathless dead?

Have you forgotten how his winged faith  
Outsoared the torments of Nauvoo;  
How his brave heart and ready hand  
Turned to the tasks ahead and saw them through—  
Through the black night when demons hissed  
Their taunting whisperings of death;  
Through brooding mists when Hope's faint voice  
Called at the dawn with tremulous breath?

Have you forgotten, men of this smug day,  
How this man sleeping here met faces  
Purple with fever, eyes that begged rest, lips that spoke of heaven,  
Praying in the speech of many races?  
His all he shared, leaving his own oft scant,  
Parted his bread, his drink, the shelter o'er his head,  
Soothing racked souls mumbling in the dark.  
"How peaceful is the journey of the dead!"

'Tis told he was a savior in those weary weeks  
Of stumbling on through heat and wind and rain;  
That oft he sang to children huddled near the fire  
When darkness brimmed the overwhelming plain;  
That, one night on the Platte, Death's Angel snatched  
From his arms his winsome lad of three;  
He buried him beside the frontier flood,  
Thanking the Father for a friendly tree.

One of the first to plow this valley's sod,  
He saw its rise, its seasons come and go,  
Its people build their homes, its children multiply,  
Its cities spread, its fields and orchards grow.

Was it for this he strove:  
This unfrequented path I see,  
This bed beneath weed rising high  
From the sweet earth which he once tilled  
Under the glory of the morning sky?  
Men of today, have ease and fortune driven  
Remembrance to the wilderness?  
Will you not pause a moment in your play  
To make e'en now some measure of redress?

# A Graveyard of a Distant Era

A Time When Epitaphs Were Written by Animals

BY FRANK BECKWITH

Look at the photo of an ancient marine animal, compressed in the shale of its own tombstone, and then think of walking into a graveyard in which the epitaphs were written by the animals themselves!

Yet, that may be done in Millard county, and a story gleaned of the gray dawn of time, in a distant past before any creature had a backbone.

It is a curious autograph album.

You recall the method of preserving a flower by placing it between the leaves of a book, then shutting the volume tight to protect the delicate tissue from light and air, and later subjecting it to pressure, and that by so doing a dainty flower may be preserved in its original freshness almost indefinitely. Well, just so Mother Nature took a small marine animal, called a Trilobite (the word means "three lobes"), laid him gently in death on a soft sea bottom, in the ooze on the floor, and quickly covered him over with sediment before decomposition could set in, and under that cover was he preserved precisely like the flower between the pages of the book—except that in this case Mother Nature piled tons upon tons of sediment and sea water upon him and his coverlet, and squeezed the mud into enduring rock. Her book was a stone volume with shale leaves!

In the most prolific field of fossil trilobites I chanced to find, I dug out a few specimens from between thin layers of shale, tightly compressed, the rock an eighth inch thick and of a dove-colored grayish blue. Those were safely ensconced in their coverlets, their long sleep unbroken, beautifully preserved. Weathered out from between the leaves of the stone book, lying free upon the ground, scattered here and there, trod on by sheep, and many of them broken by the sharp hoofs, I found so large a number that in four hours of intense work I gathered

a five-pound lard pail full. My friend filled four handkerchiefs, which he dumped into his hat, and in all, with that trip and four more during the same season, I must have found more than seven thousand. I was enabled, after giving away numbers to friends, to send the Smithsonian Institution 3,300 specimens, embracing eleven species, one of which is quite rare, and another species found in the House Range only.

## WHAT THE TOMBSTONE SAYS OF JOHN'S LIFE

Let us visualize the life of our trilobite; let us call him "John." Let us bring him close to us, and reconstruct his environment, with living, "human interest" appeal.

When John was young he swam more or less freely on the surface of the water. He was then thin and light, not the corpulent, large, heavy person he was later to become, slow-moving, sedate, and a stay-at-home. As a free swimmer he roamed—for scientists find the same species in British Columbia and in New York that are found in Utah, and cousins in China. When the day of gadding was over, John chose a sheltered nook, a little alcove or inlet, where food was good, and wave action at a minimum, and there he "settled down."

The trilobite which is pictured at the commencement of this article is named *Asaphiscus wheeleri*; the first word means "dimly marked;" that is, his wide, flat margin, so evident in the photo, is dimly marked. The second word means that he was named after Wheeler, who conducted a survey in this part of Utah many years ago. The other trilobite pictured is named *Ptychoparia kingi*, the first word of which means "folding

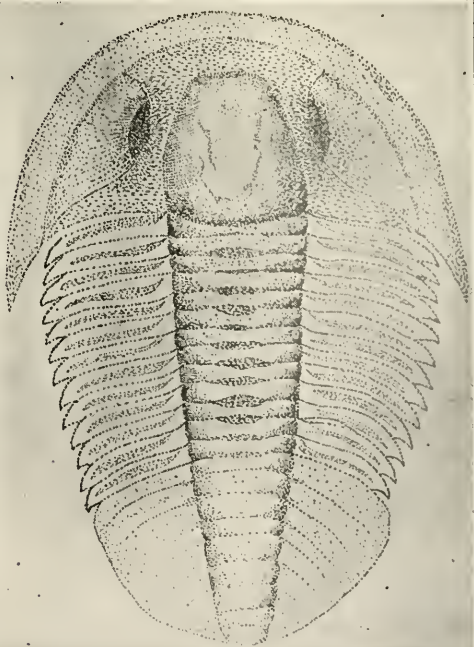
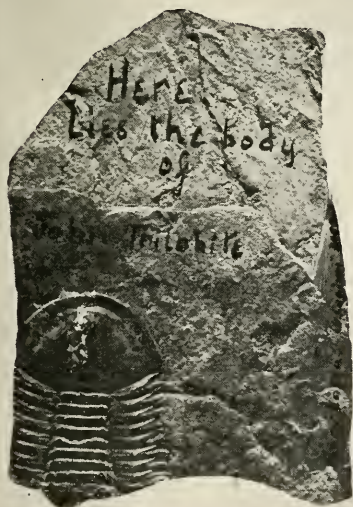


cheek," and the second, "to the honor of King."

The Powell survey, and later the Wheeler survey, encountered many hundreds of trilobites near Wheeler Amphitheatre; the choice little spot "slept" or was "lost" for several decades until I happened to tumble onto it when hunting for water, tired, discouraged, and having given up hope of finding them. A very lucky circumstance.

Both the trilobites I picture lived in Middle Cambrian time, when not a living creature had a backbone. An outer encasing shell, called a carapace, was the best provision of that time on which to attach muscles for the leverage of movement. John had this advantage though on his neighbor creatures—his shell was segmented, articulated, so that some of his kind could curl up (some quite tightly, others less so) to protect their soft vitals from attack by enemies. He had two sets

of legs; one set sturdy, strong, fitted with claws on the ends, the leg member in six segments, as is the case with present-day crustaceans. And he had another set of legs, with a fringe of tiny tubes hanging down from them, which tubes presented a great surface to the water, just exactly as radiator tubes present much surface to the cooling air. John's tubes were not given to him to lose heat to the air, but to extract oxygen from water. Thus he got that life-sustaining gas. The scientific name for these tubes is "setae," tiny, hollow, hair-like tubes, so very fine that they look like a suspended fringe of delicate silk hanging from his legs. They served as gills. Think of gills on legs!—but that was long ago. Now we see a fish "breathe" the water through his gills, opening and closing them, as he passes gulp after gulp over those tiny, blood-raw, breathing organs of his. But John was not so finely constructed.



Photos by Frank Beckwith

Left: The epitaph of the Trilobite's own body on his tombstone. Technical name, "Bathyriscus,"—one of eleven different species found in Millard county.

Right: A diagrammatic hand drawing of *Ptychoparia kingi* Meek, he of the folded cheek. Note well the eyes, and the segments of his middle, which add a new pair at each moulting in some species. These trilobites are found abundantly in Millard county.

John had eyes. Both the animals I show in the illustrations could see. But close relatives of John burrowed into the mud, and were blind. I found dozens of these latter, spider-like, many-legged bugs, heads concealed in the bottom, their tail parts only above the mud; and about them are many of the debris of contemporaneous life—brachiopod shells, things which look like worms (annelids, they are called,) and parts of other kinds of trilobites—all this rich confusion of life lay on the slab of limestone, a veritable quarry for the student.

In John's younger days, like certain crabs or lobsters, he took to solitude, rubbed against anything hard, and lo! he began to pry off him, by twistings and squirmings and rubbings, his upper coat, or carapace, and stepped out, a brand-new, shiny, brilliant creature, a glory to behold! His new raiment was of thin, spotless chiton, which from the wear of the next year was to lose the luster of freshness, when it in turn would be discarded for a new top coat. In other words, John "moulted."

In some species of trilobites, each time the shell was moulted, he added a new pair of thoracic segments, taken from the tail; the tail grew shorter and the thorax longer. He became large of girth and portly. "Quite talk—around," as my tailor says.

#### JOHN'S SIGNATURE

As John became big and heavy, his sturdy legs became more vigorous, necessarily stronger to carry that greater bulk; and when those many legs shoved his big person along in the soft mud and ooze, the act of walking under those difficulties caused his legs to "dig in," making a deep track or trail, as accurate as a signature. That written signature has been found abundantly, frozen into stone. They are oftentimes called "crusiana," and the Smithsonian Institution pictures many of them. The late Charles D. Walcott mentions having found them in a canyon only four miles from where I worked.

It is certainly unique to me that John's

signature, written by his many legs, is a readable record of his time and day preserved all these years.

Was ever signature so odd?

John was an animal like the coyote, a scavenger. His was the task of cleaning up the sea bottoms. He lived largely on flesh, flesh of his own kind, or any flesh which fell to the sea bottom, provided only that such flesh be soft, for John was "a gummer;" he had no teeth. The inner sections of his main legs worked the food toward his mouth, shredding it in the act of working it forward, for that part of his legs was like the flail on a binder; rakes with spines on them, which moved the shredded fibers forward under him to his mouth. The last three pair of these flail-like rakes were shorter, and had sharper teeth-spines set in them, finer and closer together, to shred the food quite minutely, so that it could enter his small mouth.

#### SCIENTIFIC INTEREST IN THE TRILOBITE

The trilobite is the most popular small fossil. He is very, very important, for it is thought that from his family tree sprang the eurypterid, which was the sea scorpion. A succeeding geologic age provided abundant verdure on the land, and behold! this relative of John's was created an air breather, and the wonders of all further complex creation began.

One of the closest living relatives to John is the present-day Horseshoe Crab; another a shrimp-like creature, called an Apus; and the tiny little "Brine Shrimp" of Great Salt Lake is thought to be in the same line of descent.

John was one of the first highly organized creatures of which we have abundant evidence in fossils. There is more interest in him, in his manifold forms, than possibly any other fossil creature in small size. Whole volumes, and large ones at that, have been written about John. His least idiosyncrasy has been made the subject of ponderous tome. Thirty-two hundred species of him have been examined, catalogued, and photographs placed on record.

The reason we find him now, so well preserved, after all these long years, is because his "top coat," or carapace, was made of a nitrogenous substance, called chiton, which is very much like our finger nails. It peculiarly withstands chemical action, and, being so well laid away in our autograph album, there was no mechanical injury to it. He has been found in black, oily rock, where conditions were just right for preservation without injury, in so excellent a state that facets of his compound eyes in some species have actually been counted, and found to be 28,000 pair! The lowest number of facets is four.

#### JOHN'S RECORD OF MILLARD COUNTY

John tells us, from the rock he is in, from the sea weed alongside of him, and from the other creatures—clams, marine worms, and various shell fishes—around him, that he lived in somewhat shallow marine waters. This means, that the area in Millard county which now has an altitude of 6,700 feet, where his remains are found, was once submerged beneath sea level.

From the sea weed along with him (called fucoid), it means that this form of vegetation existed at that time. Tiny shelled creatures, half as large as a dime, existed then, living alongside of John, which continue down to today, in the species of brachiopods, called *Lingulella*. But John and his descendants became extinct at about the time coal was laid in Price, or a little later.

John's record, of course, was written long before lava flowed near Fillmore; long before the great shrinking earth "faulted" along that line which forms the Wasatch Range, just east of Salt Lake City. He preceded that time in Millard county when Delta (if Delta had been there then) would have been under the waves of the big, fresh-water lake which evaporated down to the one now so highly mineralized by concentration, and called Great Salt Lake.

But whatever occurred (and there were many changes) no violent hand was laid

on John's tomb. His sarcophagus was not rifled by the ruthless hand of time, nor shattered by earthquake. Many changes went on; yes, this great uplift occurred more than once; but all "as gently as a mother lays her babe to bed." Mountain ranges were made, and even bore great glaciers which made a lake with water one thousand feet deep over the very spot where now I write this message—but John's everlasting slumbers, in that soft, enfolding, protecting ooze, were not broken until I visited him on a camping trip.

#### THE VISTA

Oh! The glorious vista of geology!—a panorama of untold years; of *creation* going forward in orderly sequence upon sequence, species following species, and genera succeeding genera; a new and better order of things that are following things that were at every step. It is the creative process, sorting, choosing, bettering, and at times, discarding that which has served its end. It is God ever-present in his work.

The Glory of God is Intelligence! Think what a vast, incomprehensible Intelligence planned this all! It transcends the grasp of humans! Think of the mightiness of that spiritual mind which foresaw all of this that is, even as an architect foresees the finished building before a blue print is even made. As Emerson states, God sees nature as "a transparent law."

#### THE AUTHOR PRESENT IN IT ALL

I once knew a very kind, old, silver-haired man of many years, who was the soul of ideality. For a long time I was daily in his company. He was a student of science, and a practicing physician of high medical standing. I learned to love, honor, and venerate that man for his innate worth, and thought of him as a father. (My own father was dead.) Never was there another man, with whom I came in contact, whose conversation was so uplifting, whose whole tone was so worthy, who lived on so high a level,



and who so carried one upward to his own high plane, as did he. He was an ardent student of geology and astronomy.

At one time we camped out, just he and I alone. Never did sage hold disciple more spell-bound with a flow of wisdom than did he. He had mined deeply in his gathering of knowledge, and had culled with a high spirituality from a vast and extensive study. I was of that impressionable age when it sank in deeply, and that imprint has never been effaced. No topic left that teacher's hands but was worthily treated. No subject was his unless it *was* worthy, and, in his choice, he took you upon heights to view it, and, in that rarefied air of his intellectuality, tried your fledgling wings.

As in all camping trips, one finally comes to know the other most intimately. We really became acquainted on that trip, although he had known me from infancy.

Each morning he left the bed first, withdrew toward the east a short space in retirement, and there he faced the rising sun; I noted that he prayed. And I saw, too, that from prayer he turned to face the four cardinal points, took in each object to be seen in a survey of all that was around him, and then again faced the rising glory of day. With head bowed and lips moving, he finished. This was repeated daily, out in those wilds, as though to place him in tune with the Infinite for the rest of the day.

Seemingly, he set the chronometer of his inner man daily to a standard by that act!

With courage in hand, I decided to be present and hear that aspiration of his inner self, for I knew it would be worthy. Next morning I said (I latterly called him "father"):

"Teach me your prayer, will you, father?"

He hesitated; searched me through and through with a keen, piercing, critical gaze, weighing. Evidently he was content with the boyish idolatry of my hero worship, and thought my motive sincere, for he placed his hand upon my shoulder and said:

"My boy, always, every morning, no matter where, or in what company, I face the Splendor of Creation, wherein is the physical embodiment most manifest of the Author of This All, and I say:

'O God! Give me the vision to see,  
And the understanding to interpret.'

I ask it for the day. I begin each day yearning that I might know."

"Come. We will chant it in unison," he said, and led me forth.

As I said, I was at the impressionable age, and certainly that imprinted its message deeply. It is many years since. Now-a-days we have "Fathers and Sons' Outings," but never was one closer than that, nor one more indelible. The next day at sunrise, I walked a few steps with him toward the east; he halted,—a silence—the wait—the depth of emotion stirred—and then THE SUN! I chanted in unison with him. From that time I came away wishing to be a man, though of boy's years; wishing for continuance of contact with that sage. I venerated my aged companion all the more. Certainly never such another man. Never such another teacher of youth. And was ever youth more favored?

What a simple prayer! Yet how all-embracing! Merely to ask for the vision to see, to search, to explore, to delve for knowledge. And then to yearn for the understanding of a correct interpretation. He told me to make it my own; to take it as a guide for life, even as he had done. He told me on that trip that not a change in species occurred, not a mutation in seeming-sudden rise, but that the Author of it All directed, willed and brought into being the urge, which the creature obeyed and thought its own, wilful, voluntary act.

Next morning I chanted the simple devotion in unison for the second time. But why the survey to the cardinal points? Why sweep the horizon with a survey which took in all? Was there yet something I had not gotten, something withheld? For after we had chanted as one,

"O God! Give me the vision to see,  
And the understanding to interpret,"

I noticed that after he faced the east again from the cardinal points, his lips moved, as though repeating an afterthought, and I said boldly:

"Father, teach me it all."

Our eyes met, level, fixed. He searched penetratingly for motive, worth; what reception would be accorded to his sacred thoughts? Should he bare his soul to its inmost depths? Did the aspirant ask in all sincerity?

Apparently he was satisfied, for he said simply, "I will. We'll set the day right for two." And again facing the orb of day, but just barely risen, marking the dawn of a new era to me, the beginning

of a spiritual day, illumined from within, as was the day without, he said:

"O God! Give me the vision to see,  
And the understanding to interpret—  
Thee as present in all things."

So that was why the all-embracing survey around! For all that he saw, he saw God ever present in it.

\* \* \* \*

John Trilobite, you have not lived in vain. Nor have you been a lowly instructor. To have brought this message back to me, over the span of years, vivid, clear, spoken in your being from a past so far distant that it is vague, shadowy, gray in the dawn of time, you indeed speak with eloquence. I hope there are other youths in my audience who receive your message.

## BRYCE CANYON

Nature's hall of sculptured art,  
Carved with infinite skill  
And endless patience in the heart  
Of far-flung Western hills!

Unspoiled beauty, majestic, grand,  
Deep-etched by wind and flood,  
Within a barren waste of land  
For ages thus had stood.

Graven forms in matchless white,  
On pedestals of dun,  
Seem transparent in the light  
Of newly risen sun.

The brown and pink and dun, and, then,  
The forms in brilliant red,  
Speak of the race of silent men  
Who lived, and fought, and bled.

The land no longer barren lies;  
Thy grace can't hidden be.  
Another race now turns its eyes  
And eager steps to thee.

Peace and rest for the weary soul  
And strength for the tired feet  
Of those who pause at thy mighty bowl,  
Sheer loveliness to meet.

# The Way of a Maid With a Man

BY LINDA S. FLETCHER

Carmenita cautiously parted the branches of the thick squaw-berry bushes, behind which she had concealed herself, and peered through. Yes, there he was again, just where she had seen him the morning before. He was seated on a camp stool before an easel, working upon his painting of *The Altar of Sacrifice*, a magnificent pinnacle that towered before them across the canyon. It is one of the many rich-hued peaks that have won for the colorful Zion Canyon the appellation, "Jewel of the Desert."

The girl raised her eyes to the towering height—fit inspiration for artist and poet—and thought that it was indeed a rich reward for her early-morning walk to be able to see the first rays of the hidden sun turn to glowing crimson the stains that ensanguined the creamy slopes of the peak and made its arresting name significant.

But best of all was the thrill she experienced as she watched the slender, sensitive hands of the artist transfer this marvel of scenic beauty to the canvas before him. An inexplicable tenderness, accentuated no doubt by the morning's loveliness and flower-scented fragrance, filled Carmenita's dark eyes as she allowed them to rest on the slender, broad-shouldered figure before her, so graceful in its pongee shirt, breeches of brown corduroy, and high, laced boots. As he occasionally rose from his seat to stand back and study his canvas, she caught glimpses of a perfect Grecian nose, lips slightly full but repressed to a mere graceful curve, and deep eyes of vivid gray-green, under red-brown brows. His hair, thick and with the suggestion of a wave in its brushed smoothness, was of the same color as his brows; and Carmenita found herself clenching her fingers, as she glimpsed that hair, to re-inforce the repression of her desire to run them through the shining locks.

"What a leading man he would make,"

she thought. "The ideal lover to win the admiration of all the femininity of the world!" Carmenita was of the movies and found it easiest to express her admiration in terms of the screen.

"Well, well, always at it so early!" It was the hearty voice of Jim Maddock, the forest ranger, who was just rounding a curve in the canyon road on his way from his home in the village below, some few miles. As he neared the artist, who smiled a welcome as he finished a careful stroke, Maddock threw the reins over his horse's head and, dismounting, came to the artist's side. There he stood gazing critically at the picture.

"Hum—pretty good. You're getting the old canyon's coloring true. Most of the artists that come here don't do that. They daub on bright colors and don't make their painting natural at all."

"Glad you like it, Maddock." The artist flushed boyishly at the praise; and Carmenita, in her place of concealment, murmured to herself: "How charming he is!"

"That is what I want so much to do, —get it on my canvas true."

His eyes glowed as he gazed in rapture at the peak.

"Did you ever see anything more wonderful?" he asked. "With the sun on it, one could well believe that those red sandstone splashes washed down the sides are indeed blood stains of the sacrificial altar."

"Well, blood has mingled with those stains at that," responded Maddock. "Did you ever hear the story of the *Altar of Sacrifice*, Vaughn?"

"Is there a story?" Julian Vaughn's voice was eager. "I should like to hear it. A story gives an emotional background to a picture that makes it possible for an artist to inject into his portrayal the essence of a mysterious something that makes his picture live. At least, it always affects my work that way."



"Well, I dunno but what I might as well tell you that story now, seeing that I have stopped for a while. It is more habit than necessity that brings me into the canyon so early. That moving picture bunch I told you about want me to help them today, but they won't be working yet awhile."

He eased his rather stiff, tall, bony body to the vegetation-covered ground. When he was comfortably seated on the hardy mountain verdure, he took off his wide-brimmed hat, revealing an expanse of hairless dome above his kindly weatherbeaten countenance, drew his sandy-lashed blue eyes to mere slits, as if he would concentrate on his narrative, and began:

"This happened a great many years ago, when the whites first set out to subdue this southern country. The thieving Piute Indians were not very friendly, and we got into a great many scraps. At that time they had living with them up in this part of the country a white girl in whose veins flowed some Indian blood,—father was a quarter breed, I believe. He had come back to live with the Indians after the death of his white wife, bringing the girl with him. She loved the wild beauty of the country and seemed happy enough with the Indians; but after her father's death, she spent most of the time by herself, wandering around on her buckskin pony. She especially loved this canyon and, unlike the Indians, did not fear it. An old legend makes them afraid to come here after night-fall. But Ronda, that was the girl's name, often came here to watch the moonlight on the peaks. It was she who first found the Retreat. You have seen the waterfall back of the camp?" Julian nodded. "And she spent much of her time there.

"One day while in the canyon, she met a cowboy who was tending his small herd of cattle on the heights above and had ridden down a rough trail to explore the country below. A romance developed at once. They spent many moon-lit hours on the white sands of the Retreat. She even showed him her secret trail to the

top of the peak we call The Altar of Sacrifice."

"But you have not described her to me," Julian interrupted. "Was she beautiful?"

Maddock smiled. "There spoke the artist. But I was seeing her so plainly that I forgot you could not visualize her, too. Her Indian blood was apparent only in the straightness of her blue-black hair and the dusky depths of her luminous eyes. Her skin was fair, her nose exquisitely straight and slender, and her mouth a luscious thing of inviting curves. The deep carmine of her cheeks may have held something of Indian heritage. Ah, the lithe grace of her! The cowboy fell madly in love with her sweetness and wild charm."

Carmenita started. He might have been describing her own dark beauty. She recalled the preview of her most noted picture,—the picture in which her characterization of the sort of Indian maiden Maddock had described had won for her the coveted stardom. She was now in the canyon making pictures for her first starring vehicle. But Maddock had resumed:

"Well things went on this way for some time. One night, however, when the cowboy returned from his tryst with the maiden, he found a band of young braves driving off the cattle he had gathered into a corral preparatory to driving them to the settlement.

"Incensed at the thievery, he drew his gun and gave chase. The fierce bark of his weapon meant the death of one of the thieves; and the others turned on him in fury, their courage reviving when they found that they had but one pursuer. Knowing that it was folly to try to stand against so many, the cowboy turned and retreated into the canyon. The Indians dared not pursue him in the dark, and he made his way down the dangerous trail, escaping unhurt.

"The next morning at dawn he climbed the secret trail to the top of The Altar. The Indians searched the canyon for him all day but fruitlessly. When evening came, they set guards at all the canyon outlets in order that he might not escape.

"Ronda learned what had happened and guessed where her lover had taken refuge. She made no sign; but when night came, made her way up the difficult trail, carrying food and drink. She told him of his predicament and begged him to stay where he was until she could arrange his escape.

"The next day she carried word,—secretly, she thought, because she supposed none of the Indians knew of her love affair—of the situation to the settlement near the mouth of the canyon and asked that armed men be sent to the cowboy's aid. But she was spied upon, the Indians learned of her treachery to them; and that night when she started into the canyon with the message of hope and more food for her lover, a bullet from the gun of a concealed Indian dealt her a mortal wound. On she rode, however, and at last reached her lover's hiding place, only to fall from her pony into his arms,—almost spent. She told him that help would come with the dawn, asked him to kiss her, and died in his arms."

For a few moments after the story had ceased, the two men sat musing in silence. Then Maddock rose to his feet, replacing his sombrero.

"And that's a true story," he commented, "for that cowboy was my uncle and I've often heard him tell it."

The sun was just showing an arc of crystal purity through the rock-broken horizon above them.

"Well, those movie people will want to get to work while the sun shines," continued the ranger, "so I'd better be moseying along." He turned to his pony. "Haven't decided yet to come up and meet the actors, have you? My invitation won't hold good much longer for they'll soon be through, now."

Julian shook his head. "They do not interest me. But thanks for the story; I enjoyed it, even if it has ended my painting for this morning. I shall think of Ronda with each stroke of my brush as I paint this picture and the other one I am doing of the waterfall by moonlight. I shall work there, tonight."

"Perhaps, then," said the ranger, as he mounted his horse, "you'll get to see her;

the story goes on to say that, when the moon shines bright, Ronda waits for her lover at the old trysting place,—the waterfall."

Carmenita clasped her hands and her dark eyes gleamed with excitement. Then giving a vigorous nod of her head, she sped back to camp to prepare for the day's work with the movie company.

The time spent before the camera that day was unusually fatiguing, but Carmenita went through her scenes with unquenchable vivacity. Work ended early, as the sun does not long illumine this canyon of sky-piercing heights; and she forgot her weariness at the end of exacting scenes, so well was she sustained by an inner elation. She asked the maid to bring her dinner to the house-tent she occupied, however, and sent word to the director that she planned to retire early.

Shortly after dark, Julian Vaughn made his way to the Retreat, a boulder-enclosed bit of beauty back of the Wiley camps. As he rounded the huge rock at the entrance, he paused in wonder.

On the white sands of the sheltered nook, stood a slim figure, attired in some indistinct garb that looked like fringe-bordered khaki. Her bare, white arms were raised toward heaven and her luminous, dark eyes gazed in the same direction. Two thick, black braids made sooty lines against her dress, nearly to her knees.

As if at once sensing his presence, her arms dropped to her sides, she bent a wistful look upon Julian, and then fled straight into the waterfall, which at once engulfed her in its shimmering silver.

But somehow Julian felt her presence as he sat before the cascade, studying its every phase, making a mental picture to transfer to his canvas on the morrow.

Under her spell, the scene before him became a wonder from Fairyland, potent to awaken feelings of enchantment and glamorous romance. As he let this sensation permeate his being, he prayed wordlessly that he might be able to incorporate something of its mysticism into his painting when he should attempt to reproduce the scene the next day. It was with a sigh of regret that he at last arose to go,

when the moon no longer illumined the enclosure.

As he made his way back to the caravan-automobile in which he was making a tour of the beauty spots of the West, he took a pathway of his own and avoided the camp. A thought was struggling for credence in his mind, but he shook his head as he sought to dismiss it.

"Of course such beautiful things do not happen," he muttered. "I have been so long alone, that my imagination is getting the better of my common sense."

Carmenita could not resist taking the trail the next morning that led to Julian's easel. She wanted to see more of him and this time was hers.

On location, she playfully reminded Maddock that he had not as yet produced the artist friend he had told her about.

"Well," the old ranger explained, "he's just wrapped up in his pictures and don't seem to care for anything else. In the morning, he works at his picture of The Altar, and in the afternoon, he is busy with 'The Waterfall by Moonlight.'"

He noticed the girl's eager interest. A shrewd light came into his eyes.

"Would you like to meet him, Miss Carewe? I'm sure if he saw you he would forget all about scenery and want to paint you. Shall we just casually call upon him?"

Carmenita looked up roughly. "No, no, we mustn't do that," she negated. "We would not wish to disregard Mr. Vaughn's unmistakable wish for solitude." Her dimples twinkled as she turned away. "And surely you would not ask any maid to pursue, so obviously, any man."

She disappeared in the direction of her tent. \* \* \*

That night Julian tried to discourage the hope that kept singing in his heart. He stamped along determinedly, reminding himself vigorously that he was indeed a dreaming fool to expect a repetition of his experience of the night before. But hope was persistent.

And there she was as on the night preceding, but this time she was watching the entrance intently. He did not advance but spoke softly, yet distinctly to her.

"Spirit of the waterfall, I need you for my picture. Won't you stay awhile and let me sketch you?"

After a short moment of indecision, the vision nodded uncertainly but moved closer to the fall, wading into the water with slender bare feet, as if she wished to convey to him that she would vanish into the cascade should he alarm her.

Julian advanced a little and set up his camp stool. Then he set to work on his sketch, penciling rapidly, as if he would use to the fullest the precious moments of bright moonlight.

His model said nothing until she saw him glance impatiently at the fast disappearing moon. His time for sketching was over. Then her voice, seeming but the echo of the rhapsody of the waterfall, made music for his ears:

"Why would you paint me," she asked; "thou who hast eyes like my love's but comest in strange guise?"

"Because I would catch for my own your beauty and grace while the opportunity is afforded," he answered. "Can you not imagine how much loveliness you will add to my picture? 'The Nymph of the Waterfall,' I shall call it." Suddenly there awakened in Julian's soul a strange hunger. He must not let her go—

He stepped nearer and held out his hand.

"Won't you be kind and let me feel your hand in mine?" he pleaded. "Surely one so lovely will not leave me to think her impalpable—unreal!"

But the vision eyed him haughtily. "You drive me away, rash mortal," she flung at him, and vanished as before into the waterfall. \* \* \*

As he worked next morning, Julian paused frequently, his eyes fixed on The Altar. In fancy he saw, on its summit, a slender figure with dark braids, poised for flight. And as he tried to paint, that day, always before him, blotting out the picture on his canvas, was the moon-illumined face of the nymph of the waterfall.

The sweet coolness of early evening came at last, and he still dreamed of her as he waited for the moon.



When the time came for his walk to the Retreat, the loveliness of the walled-off canyon seemed intensified even to his responsive senses. Was its beauty so poignant because of the tryst of delight that he could but hope awaited him? The stars in the narrow strip of sky above seemed to twinkle with a restless secret; the patriarchal peaks were more mysterious than ever, and the hum in the leaf-en-shrouded darkness of shrubbery seemed to speak of fairy conversation. And he was going with a song in his heart to meet whom? Someone as misty and elusive as the moonlight—a phantom?

She seemed real enough, standing there before him. Did he but fancy the flush on her cheeks—the light in her eyes?—were they but tricks of the sense-enthraling moonlight?

As he advanced, she again retreated to the very spot where she had posed the night before. But Julian yearned for the music of her voice. It seemed more urgent that she should talk to him than that he should use the precious minutes in sketching, even though it was almost his last night for work.

"Won't you tell me something about yourself?" he asked—and he held his pencil suspended.

The sighing of zephyrs was in her voice, an ache of longing in her pose, as she answered: "I but wait for my true love to come to me. The years of waiting are so long."

"I that have come so eagerly at your call—could not I be he?"

The woman smiled, faintly and so wistfully.

"But you tarried so long. How can I be sure that you are he?"

"I would do anything that you ask. Try me and see." Julian's voice was sincere and half-pleading.

She seemed to consider.

"Then listen. I would that you should finish the picture you are making of me and then show it to the quaint friend that passes you each day. Perhaps I shall then become real—"

Julian said no more but worked as fast as possible. When the Retreat was at

last nearly in shadow, his sketch was complete enough to be recognizable as the Vision.

"Does this please you?" he asked, as he held it out.

She hesitated.

"Surely you can trust me now?"—Julian pleaded.

Without a moment's pause she came forward and took the sketch. She studied it intently.

"It will do," she nodded, as she handed it back to him.

She retreated but turned as she neared the cascade.

"Do not fail to do as I have bidden," she admonished. "I could not wish that this parting would be forever."

And the water took her into itself, as before—

It was an unusually flushed and starry-eyed Carmenita that watched from the squawberry thicket the next morning as dawn reddened the sky.

Julian seemed to forget his painting this morning, when he appeared. He placed his sketch of the Vision on the easel in front of the Altar painting, and sat gazing at it intently, lost in thought. As the time for sunrise approached, he kept an impatient watch of the curve where Maddock would first appear.

When, after what seemed a time of endless waiting, the familiar pinto pony with its khaki-clad burden came in sight, Julian sprang to his feet in eager welcome.

Maddock was nonplused at his reception. Always before,—although the artist's greeting had been cordial enough—Julian had been too engrossed with his work to leave it to assert his welcome; but now his grey-green eyes were black with excitement. The ranger was frankly puzzled.

"Well, well," he exclaimed; "you look as upset as if you had seen a ghost. I am flattered that you prefer me to that picture, for it is mighty good; but this is the first time you have let me think you did."

"Now look here," responded Julian good-naturedly, but with something of impatience; "don't talk this morning. I

want you to look at something, so get off that horse and do it as quickly as you can."

"May I talk, after I look?" asked Maddock quizzically, as he dismounted.

"All you want to, then," answered Julian, as he paused before the easel. "What can you tell me about this picture?"

Maddock studied the sketch thoughtfully.

"Derned if it doesn't look as I always imagined that Ronda girl would look in real life," he vouchsafed, stroking his chin, and studying Julian out of the corner of his eye.

Julian's voice held a note of sharp rebuke as he turned on the ranger.

"Don't tell me that that is all you know about the girl whose picture you see before you." Pleading crept into his tones. "Surely you know something about her—I am certain you can tell me who she is!"

"Did you paint her from imagination?" Maddock asked after a silent scrutiny of the picture. He seemed to be feeling his way.

"I must have!" Julian's voice held the bitterness that comes from disappointment.

The ranger looked at him questioningly.

"Did you ever see any of these moving pictures?"—the interrogation seemed irrelevant.

"Never seemed to have time to bother about them," Julian answered. "Why do you ask?"

"Well, I think your experiences have been too limited for your own peace of mind," returned Maddock.

He paused and studied Julian, who seemed trying to fathom his meaning.

Maddock continued. "I happen to know that they are making some tests, up at Wiley's tonight, of the pictures they have made here in the canyon. Better come up."

Julian was impatient and somewhat bewildered.

"But what can that possibly have to do with my problem?" he demanded.

Maddock chose to be non-committal.

"Come and see," he advised, as he mounted and rode away.

The day seemed interminably long to the restless Julian. What could the ranger have meant by his advice? It seemed idiotically irrelevant, but the Vision had bade him consult Maddock, and there seemed nothing more to do.

There was no moon, as Julian walked to camp that night. The gloom of the canyon was as unfathomable as the gloom that shrouded his spirits. Why had a creature of moonlight and magic come into his life to take away his enthusiasm for his work and his contentment in solitude?

The showing of the picture in the large tent dining hall was in progress when he reached camp. The place was crowded. No doubt the picture-people had yielded to the importunities of the camp helpers, the summer visitors at the park, and the men and boys employed on the trails—the existence of whom had been but vague incidents to the seclusion-seeking Julian—and had invited them all to be present at the showing. Strange how these pictures appealed to those who had to seek without themselves for something to illumine life.

Julian realized, with a start, that his self-sufficiency was also a thing of naught; and he was seeking the pictures.

He hesitated at the door, but Maddock came to his side from a back seat.

"Been watching for you. There's a seat in here."

Julian followed him to a chair, and sat down.

The settings of the scenes being flashed before him were familiar enough, but the story was disjointed and uninteresting. Julian wondered why he was there.

Maddock explained: "Of course all of the story is missing except the sequences taken here. They are just trying these out before leaving location, to see if they need to be retaken. We're so far from the studio that it wouldn't do to have to come back and retake them."

Julian merely nodded assent, for suddenly a figure on the sheet that was being used for a screen caught his attention.

It was a girl, and she seemed, somehow, familiar; but he could not see her face as it was turned from him. He found himself in breathless suspense for her to turn around.

She seemed to be fleeing from a pursuer. Over the canyon boulders she clambered in frightened haste until she came to—yes, it was the rim of the Retreat.

Down the rocky wall she hurried without pausing, and her broad-brimmed hat hid her face. Small stones and earth, loosened by her descent, swept to the ground below as she slid down. Rushing to the waterfall she threw aside her hat and turned for one last look at the brutal face that had appeared on the rocks above.

It was—The Vision.

Though dressed in shirt and breeches, she was still unmistakably the girl of the waterfall.

The look of fear deepening in her eyes, she turned in desperation and fled—straight into the foam of the cascade.

"Not many know there's a cave back of the waterfall." It was Maddock's voice explaining, and Julian turned on him.

"Who is she?"—his voice was controlled to a mere murmur, but it trembled with excitement.

"Derned if it didn't look like the girl in your picture!" Maddock's voice was thoughtful.

"Where is she?" Julian's second question was impatient and he rose and strode to the door, Maddock following.

"You mean Miss Carewe?" Maddock asked, dropping subterfuge.

"Yes, if that is the name of the girl we just saw."

"Why, she told me she would like to meet that artist chap she had heard me

talk so much about, so I reckon I can find her for you. Might have met her before, but I couldn't get you to take any interest in—moving pictures—"

Julian grinned in the dark as he followed the ranger.

"You might have found a way of converting me to them," he suggested.

Maddock chuckled, as he led the way to where a hammock hung under the big trees.

The soft glow of a carbide jet revealed to Julian that the hammock held a mist of white, radiant as moon-glow; and he strode forward, while Maddock, with a knowing smile, lagged behind.

Carmenita was made a little breathless by the abandon with which Julian knelt at her feet and took her extended hands in his.

"To know that you are real," he said, and his voice told all the wonder he felt at the discovery, as if he had half feared to hope that he would find her so.

"Yes, I'm a shadow only in r-e-e-l life," laughed Carmenita softly, but there were tears trimming her lashes.

Maddock hurried up.

"Why, you haven't been properly introduced!" he exclaimed in mock dismay. "But, then," he continued, as they smiled at him, "if Miss Carewe is leaving in the morning, of course there isn't time to waste—"

"But Miss Carewe is not leaving in the morning," Carmenita announced archly. "She is staying in the canyon for her well-earned vacation."

Julian smiled contentedly at her.

"Well the canyon is surely a good place in which to spend a vacation," Maddock replied, approvingly, as he turned away.

## FACTS ABOUT UTAH

The yield of Utah farms per year is more than \$10,000,000; livestock, \$25,000,000.

Manufactured products yield the state each year approximately \$300,000,000.

Utah ranks second in the United States in the production of silver, third in lead, fourth in copper, and sixth in gold.

Some of the finest building stone in the world is found in Utah. Granite, sandstone and varied shades of marble, together with onyx and travertine are found in abundance.

Almost every cereal known can be raised in this state. The average yield in oats is 50 bushels per acre, barely 44 bushels. In the yield of potatoes Utah stands second.

Utah produces enough evaporated milk each year to make an unbroken line of cans from Salt Lake City to Paris, France.



# A Tragedy of the Desert

BY JAMES H. MARTINEAU

[This article was written in 1910. Since then its author has died, having passed away June 24, 1921.—EDITORS.]

A recent publication notes the discovery in or near Death Valley, Nevada, of a heap of relics, supposedly those of a "Mormon" colony on their way to California, in 1849. This is an erroneous supposition in one particular, as no "Mormon" company ever perished in such a manner. But it is unfortunately true that a company of thirty families of emigrants on their way to Southern California *did* perish miserably of hardships and famine in 1849, in the locality named, and doubtless the relics found pertained to them.

The writer was personally intimate with one of the few survivors of that party, a Mr. Bennett, who afterwards joined the "Mormon" Church, lived in San Bernardino, and who was driven with others from their homes by an anti-"Mormon" association, styling itself "Rekabites," in 1858, and came to Iron county, Utah, where I became acquainted with him. We were afterwards comrades in what was called the "White Mountain Mission." This was an exploring expedition sent out by Governor Brigham Young and led by Col. William H. Dame. It consisted of sixty men, of which the writer was appointed historian, and still possesses the original notes.

Mr. Bennett gave the writer the story of the fearful tragedy, and proved his identity repeatedly by his knowledge of the country we traversed—to us totally unknown—by telling us what we would find on our next day's travel; as, for instance,—“Just over that low ridge you'll find water, but it's warm and brackish; but no feed there for our animals.” Often he described the country ahead, and always correctly.

He was able to do this because we pursued the same route as did his unfortunate associates for about one hundred twenty

miles. We saw where they had cut a roadway through cedar groves, and we found, strewn along the way, numerous reminders of the emigrants, such as an anvil and blacksmith's tools, boxes and things heavy and burdensome on a journey; and later, fragments of wagons abandoned as teams gave out or died. The Indians told of five wagons thus left in one place. These items are mentioned as proofs of the veracity of our informant; and as I am perhaps the only living survivor of that exploring party and possess perhaps the only record thereof, I repeat the story as it was told me.

My informant said:

“We numbered thirty families, fully 150 souls, all well off, who separated in southern Utah from a party of a hundred families, on our way to Southern California. This we did against the advice of our 'Mormon' guide, who declared there was no practicable route directly west from Iron county where we separated,—no known pass north of the usual route to southern California; and that we would find neither water nor grass for our teams. But one of our men had a map of Col. Fremont's travels on which was represented a mountain range running westerly to the Sierra Nevadas, thus forming the south "Rim of the Basin." The map also showed numerous streams issuing from that imaginary range; consequently there must be water and feed along its base. Such a cut-off would save several hundred miles; and we thought Fremont's map more reliable than the opinion and advice of our guide, who confessed that he had never seen that country himself but had his information only from Indian report. We started on that cut off—many to their death, and all because of a faulty map.

“For days we journeyed, but no such range of mountains or even hills came in view. 'It must be farther on,' said the hopeful ones, until hope died and we faced a life and death struggle. We had gone too far to think of returning to our starting point,—to stop anywhere now was to die of starvation in a desert where was scarcely a living animal, not a single tree nor stream of water, and where all the

springs—twenty to sixty miles apart—were every one of them warm, salty or brackish. We simply *must* go on, to live or die.

"As our cattle grew weak, loads were diminished continually by throwing away things not absolutely needed. And finally a wagon was abandoned with most of its load, its surviving oxen being added to another team.

"Coming finally to what is now appropriately known as Death Valley, we remained some time to rest our teams. At length we started onward, but at camping time found no water, though all men and animals, were in sore need after a day's journey under a boiling sun, and through sand, alkali dust and stunted greasewood brush. To the eye there was not the least indication of a spring anywhere. To advance another day without water was an impossibility, for our teams would die of thirst. Hopeless and fainting, we returned to our place of temporary safety.

"After a rest of a day or two we started out in a different direction, hoping thus to find water, but with the same sad result. Death now seemed our portion, but we were saved by what seemed to us a special interposition of Providence—a heavy rain storm! Quilts, sheets and all sorts of things were spread out to catch the precious fluid until everything was filled which would contain it, and in a steady rain we again started on our way, finding now and then a pool where our teams could drink, and thus made our day's journey safely, and the next also.

"But now our oxen, worn and famished, died day after day, and wagons filled with valuable property were continually, though reluctantly, abandoned until all were thus left standing mournfully in the desert. We drove our few remaining cattle to serve as food, some of the stronger ones being loaded with the belongings of their owners. Among the rest a woman rode a gentle ox. She was wealthy and hated to abandon silks and finery; so, in addition to her food tied on behind her, she pinned laces and ribbons on her person, and rode in fine style for a time. But a gust of wind set her finery a-fluttering, which scared the oxen near her and the herd stampeded. She kept her seat in the midst of the herd, gained the front, and then fell. The herd rushed over and around her, but not one stepped upon her; she arose safe, but with sadly besmeared and bedraggled adornments. Though in so sad a state, we had to laugh, in which she joined.

"From this time our sufferings greatly increased. Men, women and children wearily stumbled onward, carrying what they could in their hands or on their backs, fainting in the boiling heat and thirsting almost unto death. As time progressed the last ox was killed and subdivided, the flesh being eaten raw. Soon that was gone. Now and then a rabbit was killed by a stick or a stone, hardly a mouthful for each. Once we met a few Indians who gave us some pine-nuts, but took much of our clothing from our backs.

"Human endurance has its limits. The weak began to die. Lying down at night they never awoke again; and, unburied, their bodies became the food of the hungry coyote or the raven.

"But there was no time for sentiment. All fatherly, brotherly or motherly love seemed lost,—a selfish desire—each for himself. One becoming too weak longer to proceed was left behind to die alone, for weakened men were not strong enough to carry any one else. Thus husbands or wives abandoned their companions, mothers their children, and children their parents, leaving them sitting down fainting, but alive, to linger a few days—if not sooner, torn in pieces by wild animals—then to die alone.

"Finally, as we reached the eastern foothills of the Sierra Nevadas, but seven were left of all the company, six men and one woman. Admiring her plucky fight for life we had helped her all we could, until she told us all not to try to save her any longer. She might as well die here and now as tomorrow. This seemed true. She sat down upon a stone, bade each good-bye and we left her alone. But we had not been more than an hour in camp when here she came, seemingly as well able to travel as others. She said she had felt resigned to die, until the thought came—what if a wolf should find her and tear her in pieces! Deadly fear gave her renewed strength. She rose, staggering at first, but finally gained her comrades and camp. The following day we were discovered by a white man out hunting for game and he conducted us to his camp where we found food and safety."

Such was the sad tale he told me, and I personally had abundant evidence of its truth. But many have been the desert's victims, with not one left to tell the tale.

## THE ONLY PERFECT DAY

No day can be perfect unless at its close we can catalogue to our credit, honest labor given to our employer, encouraging words to fellow-workers, courtesy to strangers, sympathy to sufferers, kind words to dumb animals, smiles to little children, love and consideration to the members of our own household and thanks to God for permitting us to live in this wonderful world.—*D. C. Retzlaff.*

# Retrospection

BY HECTOR LEE

He is getting old now—well toward eighty. His hair is white and his shoulders stoop, but his heart is still young. Today means little to him and tomorrow less—they are only worthless filling of time between the golden past when life was life, active, virile, objective;—and the end. The problems of mankind no longer concern him. When he worries, it is over some matter pertaining to his immediate comfort or peace of mind, which in our indefinite way, we busy ones would call childshness.

Yes, he is only a pioneer, just like the one or two you have in your own community. Look him up and get acquainted; ask him what the town looked like a few years ago. It will do you good, and you will be surprised, too, to find out whose old livery stable you have your garage now built over, or that your beautiful flower bed was once so-and-so's hog pen, or perhaps *vice versa* if you have a hog pen.

Not long ago I went to see this venerable old fellow. I knew that he was eccentric in that he was hard to "get started" on his past experiences, but once he was warmed up he took great delight in pouring forth a stream of stories about early days in Utah that would be interesting to everyone. With this in mind I began the conversation as tactfully as I could by remarking about the weather being quite cold.

"I guess you have seen some winters much colder than this?" I put in after a while, and he admitted that he had.

"Do you think it was really colder in those days, or does it just seem so because you had so little clothing then?" I asked; and he loosened up:

And then he told about the time when he was just a lad, and he helped to keep the family by working with his dad. His clothes were very scanty—his head and feet were bare, and the other ill-made garments touched him only "here and there."

"At last I got so threadbare that I

didn't have a rag, so father went to town and got a heavy duckin' bag. He laid it on the table and he carved it with a knife, but I got a pair of breeches—queerest things in all my life. I forget just how they was hung on, but they lasted me that winter—kept me warm till they was gone.

"How we lived through them cold winters is a wonder. I declare. Why till I was grown I never had a suit of underwear. Once father got a buckskin—a lovely piece of hide—from it I got some breeches *with pockets in each side*; so me in my new breeches was the proudest kid in town; and then (because 'twas all I had) I wore 'em all around. I wore 'em when I went to work; you bet they kept me warm, but once when I was herdin' cows it started in to storm. When that buckskin got moistened up my pants began to stretch. They got so long that when I'd walk the gosh-durned things would ketch. They flopped around my heels and I cut 'em off up high; but pretty soon the sun came out and they began to dry. It didn't take much sunshine till I had an awful time, for when they got a little warm them pants began to climb. Well when them buckskin pants was dry (I got an awful thump), the darned things made me look like I was always on the jump."

Then I asked him about the social customs of early days. He told me of their dances, parties, various "bees" and entertainments. "Many's the time I've carried a punkin along with me to a dance instead of paying a ticket," he said.

The old gentleman told me that he had worked mixing mortar for the wall around the Salt Lake temple grounds, and had once stood guard on Brigham Young's premises when Johnston's Army was in Utah. I am always glad to talk with these people and get their stories for they are going fast, and with each death there ends forever the reminiscences of a full and eventful life.



# A Tribute

BY JOHN A. WATTS

Men and institutions are what they are largely because of inheritance. Out of the past come experiences that enable men to build more wisely than did preceding generations. The field of possibilities has widened as the horizon of men's vision has been extended. The realization of these possibilities has depended largely upon the application of man's national endowments, brain and brawn, to the problems at hand. Man for perpetuity must build with a purpose, and that building must have more than self and the present in view. Neighbors and future generations must be kept in mind. Life that comes out of the past, that is seized upon and lived by men, with no thought for the future, is not likely to endure, is not likely to enrich the lives of its adherents. On the other had a people who fasten on to the best that has been and live nobly the present, still remembering future generations, are bound to pass on to their posterity a legacy that is rich indeed. Such a people we acclaim today.

Out of the silence came a voice, that voice was life, and that life promised freedom and progressiveness. Greater opportunities for expression of the better self. It was the sort of life to which Jesus referred when he said, "I came that men might have life, and have it more abundantly." The life here spoken of lifts men up and beyond themselves. Men are challenged. The people we honor today accepted this challenge and set at work all their powers to realize a fulness of this new experience. People of like qualities were drawn from many parts of the earth and made one by a common feeling. Each felt that the other was his neighbor and brother. God had spoken; and when men believe that their actions have the endorsement of the heavens there is no limit to endurance and aspirations. With these feelings, nay, convictions, firmly fixed, the pioneers set out to establish themselves, and pave the way for oncoming genera-

tions. They were men and women of the caliber required for the establishment of civilization on a rough and rigorous frontier. Only a people made of the sterner stuff could have endured. These people possessed the fettle of fine feeling and the steel of endurance.

"Self," when it runs counter to, or at variance with the welfare of the group, must be put on the altar of sacrifice. The pioneers, to establish the truth and freedom they felt were theirs, did sacrifice. They were hungry, they were cold, they divided their all, giving to the point where giving hurts. The world was against them; if they were to live it must be by and through the only avenues open to them, sacrifice and labor. That they did sacrifice, that they did labor, is self-evident. They were frugal, they were industrious and honest. They met death, not without a shudder perhaps, but they met it.

By their frugality the pioneers wrung from their surroundings a living where men said they could not live. Not only did they live but they laid the foundations for the building of a mighty commonwealth; one that is the pride of every native son, and the admiration of a critical world. Frugality was not enough, they must needs labor. How well, how long, and how arduously they labored can be seen in the attainments of today. That they were honest cannot be gainsaid; for only an honest people build, so permanently, so enduringly, as did the fathers of our state.

Commonwealths endure and fulfill their purpose, in fact are builded not by the efforts of the few, but by the contributions of the many. All must share in the burdens requisite to the accomplishment of any great purpose. The pioneers realized that their strength lay, not alone in individual effort, but in the efforts of all, that by cooperative labors they could best realize their ideals.

By industry, frugality, honesty, self-

forgetfulness and cooperative effort, the pioneers, not only of forty-seven, but those of succeeding years, have passed on to the present generation, and generations yet to come a gift rich beyond measure, a gift wrung from adversity by toil in deepest distresses and made sacred by the life blood of those who died in the struggle.

Our fathers have passed on to us the challenge. How have we received it? In our hands is the gift. How are we using it? Do we, in the mad rush for wealth, stop and count the cost? In our eager search for pleasure do we realize the sacrifice? In our endeavors for wisdom and learning, do we in humility of soul forget the God of our fathers? Are we carrying on as they would have us carry on? Are we now building, as the pioneers builded, for the future? Will future generations rise up and call us blessed? Are we loyal to one another and to our country as were those who paved the way before us? Do we look to the constitution of our state, and of our nation with the same reverence the founders of our state did? If we do the locks might well be taken from our doors, our neighbor may rest easy in the security of his possessions. If we have proper respect for law and order, arrest and fines will pass away; the term "*boot-Kanosh, Utah*."

legger" will not be needed in our vocabulary.

It is well to rejoice in the good that is bequeathed us, and hold in reverence those who have passed on, but it is, or should be, a part of our commemoration to make happy those of hoary hair who are still with us. They have given and we live.

What is the challenge hurled in our faces? We are sacredly bound to remember the past, to live nobly the present, and look sacredly to the future. Past and future are important but the present demands the best there is in us; the present challenges our gifts to the future; what shall our gifts be? Life is not so much concerned with what we remember, but rather with what we are. The future is but a tomorrow; and tomorrow soon becomes the yesterday of today. Yesterday, today, and tomorrow completes the circle. Life in that circle endures; and is fit to pass on only when men find that life to which Jesus referred and for which our fathers gave their all. Have we found it? If so, let us live it today and the morrow will be safe; our civilization, that life for which the pioneers labored, sacrificed and died, will endure.

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## THE TIDES OF LIFE

'Tis so easy to glide with each drifting tide.

To go where the crowds are found,

And it seems quite the thing to be in the ring

With those who are pleasure bound.

But ah, where is the gleam of each youthful dream,

When you gazed at the star-lit sky,

Murmuring pledges to toil, burning midnight oil,

To gain some ambition high.

You must grapple with fate, for time will not wait,

And youth time is soon on the wane.

Choose the straight, narrow way, then work while you may,

And treasures untold you will gain.

# An Indian War Averted

BY C. L. CHRISTENSEN

Here is the narrative of an historical event that happened to the pioneers of San Juan county at a time when the records of that county contained the names of only 185 legal voters, mostly women. The particular occurrence of which I desire to record the facts had its official beginning on December 3, 1894. On that date Hon. H. G. Green, now a banker of Moab, Utah, accompanied by Jack Silvey, went to Salt Lake City and reported to Governor Caleb W. West that the entire tribe of Ute Indians in Colorado, numbering a total of about 1100 men, women and children, had invaded San Juan county, Utah, and that they were extremely impudent. The Utes claimed Uncle Sam had sent them, and would soon give every white settler a sack of money in return for which they were to walk out of the country, leaving houses and lands, furniture, bedding, stoves, sheep, cattle, horses, in short, everything, behind. With this in their minds, the Indians went from house to house and forced some of the more timid white women to provide meals from the best they had in the larder. This continued until many settlers had nothing left for their children to eat. The settlers were alarmed at the invasion, and with cause.

Those acquainted with my position may ask: "What were you doing as Indian interpreter and peace maker?" The answer is: I was feeding the Indians to the limit of my ability, and trying to make them understand it was all a mistake; that some mischievous and unreliable persons had caused the misunderstanding. But they insisted that their source of information was reliable. I told them Uncle Sam did not do business this way; that he had said nothing about the matter to our chiefs in Salt Lake City or in San Juan county.

On receiving the information brought by Mr. Green and Mr. Silvey, Governor

West telegraphed to government officials at Washington.

On January 5, 1895, a number of well-known men assembled in Monticello, county seat of San Juan. Among them were Governor West of Utah; Col. Tatlock, of the Governor's staff; Col. Henry V. Lawton, representing the United States government and in command of the Western Division of the United States army at that time; Dave Day, Ute Indian agent, and his interpreter, Mr. Smith, the latter a good, competent official. Of course, some of the most important members of the assembly, under the circumstances, were Chiefs Ignacio, Mariano and Binow, who were on hand to represent the Indian cause. These three chiefs of the aborigines were of the old style, slow of speech, but very emphatic. Their word was law; they had fought for it and were willing to fight again.

Governor West, having a full understanding of the threatening aspect of the situation, had brought with him a few chests of rifles and plenty of ammunition to Moab. In that place he had made arrangements for fifty volunteers to come to the aid of the San Juan settlers if needed. In answer to his request fifty men and more came to the front and volunteered to accompany Sheriff W. Bliss of Grand county, all eager to help their neighbors in San Juan county. Hon. Robert J. Thomson, of Monticello, volunteered to go to Moab for the rifles. After he had reached Poverty Flat, on his return to Monticello, he was overtaken by five men. Grand county officials had decided it was not safe for him to travel alone, hence they provided him with an escort. The party reached Cane Springs at 4 a. m., suffering badly from the severely cold weather. When they later arrived at Hatch Wash they met Sheriff Butt of San Juan and his men, who had come to escort the rifles through the fight-



ing line of the Indians, as they supposed it to be, for when the wagon and the men came to Church Rock, in Dry valley, they encountered many Indians who seemed very nervous, it appearing to them that help for the San Juan county settlers was coming from somewhere. Of course, the Indians were unaware of the guns in the party; otherwise they certainly would have tried to disarm the whites. However, at length the men with the guns and ammunition safely arrived at Monticello after the trouble had been settled. As herein stated, the expedition from Moab went out in extremely cold weather, and Mr. Thomson was nearly frozen to death.

Col. Lawton, Governor West and Dave Day had a long preliminary talk to try to find out who was responsible for the invasion of the Utes. Suspicion pointed to the Indian Agent, but definite responsibility at this time was not fixed on any person.

The discussion became acrimonious, and finally Governor West said if Uncle Sam would not move the invaders he would muster the territorial militia and put them out himself. This speech put additional "pep" into about thirty cowboys, some of whom had been drinking freely. The riders were all well armed and declared themselves ready "right now" to exterminate all the chiefs of the Utes and their escorts. Governor West found that his speech had aroused a dangerous spirit among the cowboys, some of whom had been party to the killing of seventeen Indian men, women and children whose remains were buried in a common grave near Upper Dove Creek, Colorado. The governor threatened to place the cowboys under arrest if they did not tone down. He reminded them that they might kill a few Indians, and then flee to some other state for safety. But what would then become of the women and children of Monticello who would be left to the mercy of the numerous Indians? The settlers were scattered all over San Juan county, located in the places that suited them best. The more conservative of these wild, but peculiarly good-hearted

fellows, fell in line with the governor after the white chiefs came to an agreement how the removal of the invaders should be managed. The Indians were still ignorant of the official intention to move them back into Colorado. Governor West was determined they must go, and at once, while Colonel Lawton and Agent Day were quite indifferent about the hurry-up part of the procedure. So all the chiefs, both white and red, were notified to meet at once in the little log cabin used as church and school house. It was soon filled with an anxious assembly, Governor West presiding. The Indians were informed that the meeting was for the purpose of devising means of removing them to Colorado; that it had been decided they were invaders, and had no rights of domicile in San Juan county. Instantly there was a bedlam of voices, all the Indians talking at the same time, when the announcement was interpreted to them. The confusion lasted for some time, the Indians accusing Dave Day of having a forked tongue and declaring that his interpreter, Mr. Smith, would not defend their rights although they said he was a good man. To my surprise and consternation the Indians picked on me to be their interpreter. Figuratively speaking, the Indians led me up by the ear, or nearly carried me, and President F. A. Hammond assured them that I was reliable and had been selected by the leaders of the Church as an interpreter and peace maker because of the good work I had accomplished. This satisfied the governor and also Col. Lawton, for the latter saw the earnestness depicted on the faces of the Indians.

When I began speaking my first statement was regarding the mistaken information given to the Indians, and this was followed by the explanation that they must go back to Colorado. In spite of their actions, I made it plain that they must go. Then came their speech—always the same: The land of their forefathers where they lived and died had been taken from them by the whites; their deer, elk and antelope had been killed. They nearly foamed at the mouth when engaged

in speaking on these subjects. The interpreter has one distinct advantage—he need not tell all that is said on either side, and thus he can become a peace maker and useful arbiter with the help of his heavenly Father. In the hundreds of cases where I have settled difficulties between red and white peoples the Lord has blessed me with judgment to say just enough to make peace, and this is my testimony after fifty years as a peace maker. If an interpreter tells all the nasty things an Indian says (for he always accuses the white man of introducing immorality, whisky and many other dishonest and wicked traits), he adds fuel to the flames. And if the interpreter lets loose all that is said about the Indians, what might not happen! The Indian thinks you are assailing him, just as he is assailing you, and the white man says many things that are not true.

About four o'clock in the afternoon, Col. Lawton received a dispatch from Washington stating that the Utes must leave San Juan county at once. The message added that it was not the policy of the department to permit Indians to leave the reservation in Colorado to roam into Utah. Immediately the air was filled with exclamations of "Liar, Traitor, Split-tongue" and many other Indian expletives. But Col. Lawton, a man of experience and one who had much patience with Indians, took the situation in hand as the representative and arbiter of the government. He was equal to the occasion. I interpreted the message from Washington to the Indians. Ignacio held up his right hand and extended his fingers, to represent telegraph poles and said: "Mebbe so wire talk from heaven; mebbe so from hell." He went on to say that no message, whether sent from Washington or sent by Indians, ever reached its destination truthfully. The intent of the Great Father at Washington was always misunderstood. This message was dead and had gone into the ground. Why make so much fuss over it? Col. Lawton said to me: "Ask them if they will go back to their reservation in Colorado."

They answered emphatically, in the strongest terms they knew: "Katch pi-que." (We won't go.)

At this stage, President F. A. Hammond became somewhat nervous and gave the Indians some good advice. He told them to go in peace and not to resent and disobey the command of the Great Father in Washington, and that we all had to obey the laws of our country. Ignacio told him to sit down and called him an ugly name. Then he said: "We were both in Washington; I sat in the president's chair (Grover Cleveland was then president); you never sat in that chair; you are not fit to take part in this important move." Chief Ignacio did sit in President Cleveland's chair when the president arose to greet and shake hands with the chiefs and delegations of Indians from San Juan county and Colorado when they visited Washington. Ignacio slipped around to the chief magistrate's chair, and is said to be the only individual who ever occupied the chair of the president of the United States other than the president himself during an official conference. Hence his braggadocio speech.

Our pow-wow came to an end for the day and Col. Lawton sent couriers summoning troops to come and move the Indians. This was not a pleasant ending; it had all the prospects of a war and the shedding of blood, and those present keenly sensed the danger.

Agent Day tried to pacify the Indians by buying a couple of beeves and about seven tons of hay from Mons Peterson. An Indian who has a favorable prospect for a good "fill" usually tones down a good deal. I joined them and they seemed glad to have me in the camp by their big bonfire, which was much needed at the time of the year, so near to the cold altitudes of the Blue mountains. However, they told me I was a failure because I had not convinced Uncle Sam that they ought to own San Juan county. When I got my chance to reply (for the Indians always play fair and give their opponents a chance to talk) you should have seen the maps I made on the ground.

I built up a mound of dirt to represent the numbers of whites and the strength of the government; my thumb nail represented all the Indians in America. As Ignacio had been to Washington and had seen a large number of people he could not refrain from saying I was right, and when I informed them that colored troops were coming, they wilted, for they have an extreme dread of colored troops.

It was now daylight. We had talked all night and Ignacio said: "Go find 'Black Eye' Lawton and tell him we will go; ask for four days to move in, for we are numerous and heavily laden." I know of no happier experience in my life. I found Col. Lawton, awoke him, and told him the good news, and in detail informed him how I had accomplished it. The officer was overjoyed and at once sent another courier to countermand the order commanding troops to march to San Juan county. He allowed the four days requested to move back into Colorado. Col. Lawton then turned the removal of the Indians over to Agent Day.

Col. Lawton said to me: "You have, no doubt, been the means of preventing bloodshed, and when I get to Washington I will see to it that you shall never want for bread as long as you live." Had not Col. Lawton met death, the fate of many a soldier in the Philippines during the insurrection, he, no doubt, would have carried out his promise. Gen. Hugh L. Scott told me that the department took great interest in my communications recommending building of schools on the Indian reservations, so that Indian parents were not compelled to send their children hundreds of miles away, many of them never to return. To be partially responsible for the many beautiful schools now so successfully conducted on the reservations was a source of joy to me.

I now must finish my story. Col. Lawton returned to his station, Governor West and Col. Tatlock went back to Salt Lake City. They submitted their respective reports, each as he saw and understood the affair, and I am now doing the same. Agent Day went off home with his Indians. He was owner and editor of a

newspaper named *The Solid Muldoon*, published in Durango, Colorado, and the writer of this story will say that he was no coward. He said anything he wanted to about anybody—high or low—and he could cut vulgarity so close and yet not use it that he kept his readers laughing constantly. He could, and did, call men ugly names, and yet not quite say what the name really implied. He was a very likable man, a great story-teller, and an unusually gifted entertainer.

The department let Agent Day down easily for some cause and appointed his interpreter, Mr. Smith, to succeed him as agent. Later Day and Col. Tatlock engaged in an unusual correspondence. Tatlock accused Day of being the cause of the whole miserable deal Utah was being subjected to, and this accusation was believed by many. The correspondence was published in *The Solid Muldoon* and reprinted in many other papers on account of the humor contained in it.

But our troubles were still unsettled Johnny Binow, a young Indian, about 23 years of age, son of old Chief Binow, was entirely dissatisfied with the cowardice (as the young fellow termed it) of his father and the other chiefs for entering into the arrangements for the removal of the Utes to Colorado. This "chief apparent" would rather fight. He had shown his fighting spirit several times. On one occasion he shot at Joe Christensen in Monticello because Christensen dismounted the Indian from a stolen horse. He shot close, too. He hardly dared to shoot to kill in the middle of the town. Another delegation had gone to Salt Lake City to report that this desperado had not and would not go out as the other Utes had done. Of course, he was not alone; there were about thirty-five others in his gang, which had located on Montezuma creek, where good winter range was available. This winter range was used by the settlers of San Juan county. Johnny Binow was the owner of many horses and his stock monopolized the range. In answer to the S. O. S. call, Governor West sent down Captain John Q. Cannon and George W. Gibbs. Hon. A. W. Ivins



came soon afterward. This episode hung fire a long time. These last named representatives of Governor West found that young Binow had shot at Sheriff Willard Butt and his herder, George Perkins, who rightly belonged in this part of San Juan county and had his stock on the Montezuma creek winter range. I do not know what was said by Binow or by Sheriff Butt on that occasion, but am sure the officer would stand by his rights and the rights of his people. Hence Binow's shot was a warning as well as a sign of Indian indignation. Binow is still in evidence and has annoyed us many times since. He is usually the instigator of all our troubles with the Piutes, these Indians having annoyed the pioneers ever since  
*Moab, Utah*

they first settled in San Juan county. Sheriff Butt has gone to his reward. A braver man never lived. Outlaws shot at him many times, but he never ran from danger or showed the white feather, and the "bad" men admired him for his pluck and respected him highly.

The experience Binow had with the sheriff humiliated the Indian more than any other experience of his life. He dared not retaliate because his people were few in number. Nearly all men find a time in their lives when it is best to turn the other cheek, and none more so than the lonely pioneer who builds his log cabin in an Indian country. But the outlaw red man also finds at times that he has a master.

## THE UNCHANGING CHRIST IN A CHANGING WORLD

BY ELDER RALPH P. SMITH, CANADIAN MISSION

The writer of the epistle to the Hebrews says of Jesus Christ that he is "the same yesterday and today, yea and forever." The idea of the "unchanging" may be good or bad, according to the point of view. There is an unchangeableness that spells stagnation, that striving after sameness that so often has laid the dead hand of the past upon men and movements, and so thwarted progress. But there is an unchanging quality that is the opposite of the fickle or the changeable: the stable, steady element which provides the power and determines the direction for life and growth. And the assertion in the utterance referred to is that in a world of change, with variable elements, some natural and necessary, some incidental and menacing, Jesus Christ is the constant factor in a vital process of development.

Sometimes with slow, steady tread, nation after nation takes its place in the procession of advance; sometimes with bewildering suddenness, as in wars and revolutions, centers and spheres of influence are changed and interchanged. Every

such change brings some new system of religion or philosophy of life into prominence, to focus the attention of mankind upon some new problem that cries to heaven for solution. But out of the Babel of voices comes Christ's own declaration for oneness of truth and his call for the proclamation of truth, and the missionary impulse and enterprise do but make his voice articulate, and proclaim his unchanging lordship over all the world.

There are unavoidable changes in human life; changes about which there can be no reasonable complaint, and yet demanding a principle of adaptation in religion that shall fit the message to the varying mood and hour and place. Such are the natural variations of age:

"All the world's a stage,  
And all the men and women merely  
players:  
They have their exits and their entrances;  
And one man in his time plays many  
parts."

—*Shakespeare.*

Such are the continual changes in history. Some gradual and developmental, some startlingly sudden and catastrophic, all creating new problems with which religion has to deal. Such, too, speaking geographically rather than historically, are the wide divergencies in racial characteristics and conditions of national life, providing vastly different arenas in which religion has to prove its worth.

That Jesus has met human needs under all these changes: in childhood, youth and age, through the shifting scenes of history, and under varying conditions from land to land, bears convincing witness to his life-giving power, and supplies one of the most unanswerable arguments for his essential divinity.

But there are other and more serious changes, some of which threaten the very foundations of human progress; and the majesty and miracle of Jesus lie in his power to cope with their menace to human character and destiny. Many as they are, and impossible as it may be to classify them, we examine three of them as they challenge the resources of Christ and Christianity.

1. *Sin*.—Call it what we will: the evil in human heart, the wrong in men's lives, the bad things, actual or potential, bound up in character or career, we are all aware, without being influenced much by theological phrases about it, not only that such evil exists, but that it is capable of producing the most alarming changes in human character. In the warping of judgment the blunting of one's fine sensibilities, the callousing of feelings, the coarsening of taste, and in countless other ways we have seen and felt the deteriorating influences of evil, until we have come somewhere near understanding Paul's melancholy idea of a breakdown of the cells and tissues of personality as he cries: "O wretched man that I am! Who shall deliver me out of the body of this death?" If we could in a few words hint at the matchless ministry and message of Jesus as meeting the menace of these changes, we

could speak of his incarnation as the declaration of the divine unwearying search for lost humanity; his cross as the instrument of divine victory; and his resurrection as the pledge of the triumph of life. Better than any such attempt at phrasing is the summoning of the innumerable witnesses to the fact of the power of the unchanging Christ to save the old and hardened, the depraved and the thoroughly bad.

2. *Sorrow*.—Only in a passing word can we deal with the ever-present problem of suffering, but no one will deny that "the thousand natural shocks that flesh is heir to" exact their toll in tragic disturbances in human thought and outlook. And yet the most credible evidences of Christian experience assert the power of the fellowship of Jesus to extract the sting from sorrow, and to make the troubles of life the creators of a stronger and sweeter type of Christian character.

3. *Death*.—Who can question the sweeping changes effected by death, changes that repel or madden or alarm us according to our mood? At times the victory and sting of death seem terribly real: so many things that have been will not be again, so much that is irretrievable. In every other sphere there seems to be something that we or others can do; here we seem so helpless, there we are challenged with a new program, here we bow our heads and at best can only wait and trust. But can we not go further? Can we put two of Paul's utterances together in that sublime philosophy of his on the subject: "We shall not all sleep, but we shall be changed;" and then, "Thanks be unto God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." Life in him—vigorous, triumphant over evil, here and now, while we are in fellowship with him, eternal life, not because it goes on forever, but because of the very nature of it, there are the permanent elements of victory.

So the greatest change of all triumphs over the minor changes, and above them all is the unchanging Christ.

# Messages from the Missions

"Behold I sent you out to testify and warn the people, and it becometh every man who hath been warned to warn his neighbor." (Doc. and Cov. 88:81.)

## GOOD PROSPECTS IN ALABAMA

President Charles I. Clouse of the Alabama district, of the Southern States mission, reports they are making rapid progress in his field. During the first three months of this year they had twenty baptisms and still have many prospects. The elders of that district and of the entire mission, under the direction of President Charles A. Callis, are working energetic-

ally. These missionaries know that they have found in the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ a priceless treasure, and are unselfishly trying to give to their fellow-men the same blessings which they have received. To them the joy which comes through declaring this message is a foretaste of heaven.



MISSIONARIES OF THE ALABAMA DISTRICT

Front row, left to right: Lynn W. Hansen; Warren J. Osborn, short-term (released); Leslie F. Shirley; Charles A. Callis, mission president; Charles I. Clouse, district president; Newel B. Cox, Levi J. Woods. Middle row: Joseph S. Biggs, short-term (released); Angus B. Bird, Stanley Peck (released), O. Melvin Parker, Hilton P. Marx, Lewis H. Neeley, Charles R. Willden, Adolph M. Olsen. Back row: Edward Watkins, short-term (released); Lloyd N. Gleave, Eugene Lufkin, Earl F. Kleinman, Edward Finlinson, Charles M. Fisher.



## MARCHING ON IN MARYLAND

President Clyde Barker of the Maryland district, with headquarters at Baltimore, sends us the accompanying photograph, together with a report of a conference held in February. Well attended and interesting meetings convened in Washington, D. C., and in Baltimore. A special feature of the occasion was the attendance of Dr. James E. Talmage, who was enroute

home after presiding over the European mission, where he had served very successfully for somewhat more than three years. President Henry H. Rolapp of the Eastern States mission, Secretary Mark K. Allen and Sister Lola Bradford, mission president of Relief Societies, were also present and added words of instruction and encouragement.



## MISSIONARIES ATTENDING MARYLAND CONFERENCE

Sitting, left to right: Winifred Cook, Virginia L. Driggs, Mark K. Allen, secretary of Eastern States mission; Henry H. Rolapp, president of Eastern States mission; Lola Bradford, president of mission Relief Societies; Elsie M. Jacobson; Winifred Cruikshank. Standing: Marion A. Snow, Louis Gates Knight, Wilson K. Young, Ferrin D. Hickman, Clyde Barker, president Maryland district; Howard W. Couch, Lorin Christensen.

## GOVERNMENT OFFICIALS HONOR MISSIONARIES

An interesting missionary event occurred in Salem, Oregon, April 23. Elder Hyrum G. Smith, Presiding Patriarch of the Church, President William R. Sloan of the Northwestern States mission, Sister Pearl C. Sloan, president of the mission

Relief Societies, and Sister Marion Gardner, president of the mission Y. L. M. I. A. and Primary Associations, were honored by government officials as they entered the city. President Joseph M. Flake of the South Oregon district reports that very

little missionary work has been done in that locality in past years. Now, however, sixteen missionaries are opening new fields with gratifying prospects. They are travel-

ing without money, depending entirely on the hospitality of the people to whom they bring their message. They are finding many friends and not a little opposition.



#### MISSIONARIES OF THE SOUTH OREGON DISTRICT

First row, left to right: Phyllis Hoggan, Twin Falls, Idaho; Stella Bybee, Rexburg, Idaho; Marion Gardner, Afton, Wyoming, president of the mission Y. L. M. I. A. and Primaries; Hyrum G. Smith, Presiding Patriarch of the Church; President Wm. R. Sloan of the Northwestern States mission; Sister Sloan, president of the mission Relief Societies; Carol Woolley, Salt Lake City; Hazel Knight, Delta, Utah. Second row: Melvin J. Hoggan, Salt Lake City; Ethel Hunter, Ogden, Utah; E. Weston Jackson, Salt Lake City; Paul V. Hansen, Boulder, Utah; A. A. Perry, Vernal, Utah; Virgil B. Quinton, Glenwoodville, Alta, Canada; Edna Lindholm, Idaho Falls, Idaho. Third row: Joseph M. Flake, Snowflake, Arizona, district president; Clarence Mower, Roosevelt, Utah; Leslie Stone, Portland; Rulon G. Sterling, Providence, Utah; Wallace Everton, Logan, Utah; Dorrel Rogers, Lewiston, Utah.

#### PROGRESS IN CALIFORNIA

The people of the Sacramento-Gridley district were particularly favored by a visit of Elder Joseph Fielding Smith, of the Council of the Twelve, together with President Joseph W. McMurrin of the California mission. These brethren made a tour of the district and held three very successful meetings, in different localities,

on February 10, 11 and 12. Much good counsel and sound advice were given by them to the large crowds which filled the chapels to their capacity. During the past year thirty-three converts were led into the waters of baptism, and three new branches of the Church in that district were organized. These are making rapid



progress and are increasing in membership. Many successful cottage meetings have been held in the homes of members and investigators, and much good has been accomplished. President Fon R. Brown of the Sacramento-Gridley district and Elder Kenneth Stephenson, who joined in making this report, state that they find much pleasure in reading the *Improvement Era*.

Elder Glenn E. Nielson reports that Elder Joseph Fielding Smith and President

Joseph W. McMurrin also visited the Fresno district, and their visit was given much favorable publicity in the two leading local papers. Each paper sent a press photographer to all the meetings, and requested from Elder Nielson a full report of the services. The work is progressing in Fresno. A new branch was recently added to the district and a new Sunday School organized.



MISSIONARIES OF THE FRESNO DISTRICT

Elder Joseph Fielding Smith, of the Council of the Twelve, and Mission President Joseph W. McMurrin are in the front row, at center.

#### MAKING HEADWAY IN FRANCE

The first branch conference ever held in the quaint old city of Besancon took place January 14 to 16, 1928. The city is scenic and picturesque, surrounded by ruins of mediaeval fortresses with the peaceful Doubs river winding through it like a huge serpent. Forty missionaries were gathered together, representing the

Swiss, Lyons and Marseilles districts of the French mission. Besancon is famous because of being the birthplace of one of the greatest French authors, Victor Hugo. This was the largest gathering of "Mormon" missionaries ever held in one French city. Among them were a number of elders so tall as to cause great surprise



among the French inhabitants. An excellent program was given, one of the principal features being a Book of Mormon pageant, which aroused unusual interest and has already resulted in the sale of many copies of this book. President

Ernest C. Rossiter and his wife were present and gave valuable instructions to the missionaries. It was a time of rejoicing.—*Samuel H. Cortez*, secretary Lyons-Marseilles districts.



MISSIONARIES OF LYONS-MARSEILLES DISTRICTS

First row, left to right: Arthur L. Newman; Ray C. Moody, mission secretary; S. Call Nelson, president Marseilles district; Venus R. Rossiter, president Relief Societies of French mission; Mission President Ernest C. Rossiter; Klenner F. Sharp, outgoing president of Swiss district; Leon L. Cowles, outgoing president of Lyons district; Stewart A. Wright, John S. Ness, Artell E. Johnson, LeGrand H. Lamb, Royal Ballif. Second row: Ethan O. Huffaker, George E. Brunt, Clarence H. Manning, Gordon N. Cope, Cleo V. Hickman, Peter R. Christensen, Benjamin M. Bingham, Samuel H. Cortez, John S. Griffin, A. F. Hampton, Parker P. Warner, Almon L. Brown, incoming president of Lyons district. Third row: George Y. Jarvis, Eugene W. Willey, H. Gibson Berrett, Cecil E. Hart, Wayne H. Knight, Joseph H. White, Carl J. Harris, Wm. R. Shaw, LeGrand M. Silver, Clarence P. Durrant, James R. Kennard, T. Donald Creer, Elliot D. Holt, Reed H. Jensen.

#### PHILADELPHIA TO HAVE NEW CHAPEL

A large three-story residence in Philadelphia was recently purchased by President H. H. Rolapp of the Eastern States mission, to be remodeled and renovated for a district chapel. The work will be done under the supervision of District President A. K. Romney. When completed, the building will accommodate 175 persons, and provide class rooms for all

auxiliary organizations. Six Primary associations are now organized in the district, directed by the women missionaries, which are proving very effective. In many instances, non-"Mormon" parents have been induced to attend by the appeal made through their children. An excellent summer program has been planned. Street meetings are held regularly in Philadelphia,

and the officials have given us concessions for some of the best corners in the city. Our diligent tracting is meeting with good

success.—*R. F. Dickson*, short-term missionary.



MISSIONARIES IN PHILADELPHIA DISTRICT

Sitting, left to right: Martha Elggren, Salt Lake City; A. K. Romney, district president, Rexburg, Idaho; Nellie Mathie, Huntington, Utah; Veloy Peterson, Brigham City, Utah; Grant Patterson, Clinton, Utah. Standing: Kenneth Sproul, Blackfoot, Idaho; Clyde Hallingshead, Minersville, Utah; R. F. Dickson, Layton, Utah; Eugene Millet, Mesa, Arizona; Joseph Lyon, Firth, Idaho; Wilwood Griffin, Byron, Wyoming.

### "IT WORKS"

Under this caption, District President Cecil B. Kenner sends the *Era* a report of an interesting event, held amid Easter sunshine and enthusiastic crowds, at Sheffield, England, April 8 and 9. The report indicates, not only that "it works," but also that they work. A gratifying increase in tithes as well as in all phases of missionary activity was shown. Local papers contributed their share to the success of the occasion by publishing satisfactory accounts of the conference. The Sunday School program emphasized the importance of a testimony of the divinity of

Jesus Christ. President John A. Widtsoe of the European mission and other missionaries gave valuable instruction at the various meetings. On Monday the M. I. A. spirit took possession of all. Contests were held in debating, singing, oratory, essays, etc. This important organization promises to become a mighty missionary factor. Already the fruits of this gathering are manifest in the various branches of the district. There has been a notable increase in membership, attendance and efficiency. "It works," always and everywhere, if you work it.



ELDERS ATTENDING SHEFFIELD CONFERENCE

Front row: Weston W. Taylor and Richard L. Evans, of the Liverpool office; Cecil B. Kenner, president of the Sheffield district; Dr. John A. Widtsoe, president of the European mission, Leah D. Widtsoe, president of the Relief Societies of the European mission and Ralph V. Chisholm, of the Liverpool office. Center: Richard K. Knight, Heber J. Matkin, president of the Birmingham district, William F. McKelvey, Thomas E. Paskins, of the Birmingham district, Eudora Widtsoe, Justin B. Lillywhite, Joseph S. Savage and Merlin G. Wood. Back row: Arthur R. Livingston, Nephi Cutler, of the Leeds district, LeRoy S. Taylor, R. LeRoy Blamires, Ralph A. Garner and William F. Forsey, of the Liverpool district.

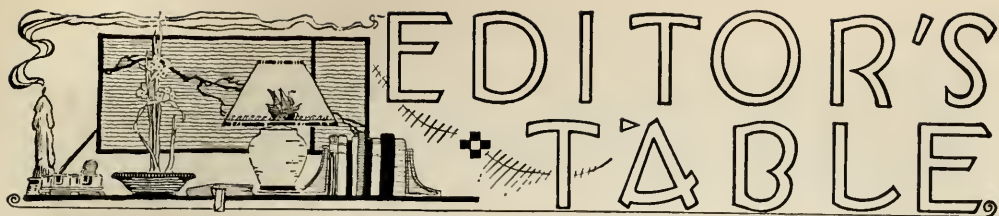
## THE BOOK OF LIFE

As an assistance to a clear definition of right and wrong the Bible is indispensable. In it we have a growing moral order with an ever developing type of character that finds perfect fruition in Jesus of Nazareth, who in turn is interpreted in the apostolic life of the early church. Careful students of the Bible will marvel at the revelations to the conscience. They will find before every dangerous temptation a warning post. They will see across every chasm a well marked bridge. They will note for every sin a cleansing method. They will observe for every guilt a clean-cut redemption. The Bible offers for the confused wayfarer a standard by which to gauge his character. It gives light to the forward-marching soul. Without it we would sink into the byways of sin, but with it we are shown the pathway of righteousness.

The Bible furnishes the goal for human life. A man must have a sense of destination if he is to travel joyfully and persistently. If it is to be worth while, life must have a goal—in fact, two goals, the one social and the other personal. Without the Bible there is no social goal. Nations and governments seem to have no real sense of destiny. Here we are as a nation of more than a hundred million people but whither are we bound? Is this nation to build merely another monument of national life in human history? What statesman of the world can offer a goal for his nation's life? Without God we are a race of men going on in confused ways into an indefinite future.

—Selected.





## LIBERTY UNDER THE LAW

The heart that is not thrilled at mention of July 4, 1776, is not truly American. When a people mighty in determined purpose, even though small in number, finds itself in oppressive and unendurable bondage, there can be but one result.

Every school child knows and loves the story. Death was, as it ever must be, better than slavery, and American patriots by the thousands died willingly for the cause of freedom. But they did not die in vain, for millions are enjoying the freedom bought at so great a cost.

The Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States have a deeper significance for members of this Church, perhaps, than for any other people. Together with all other Americans, we recognize and admire the courage and ability of the mighty men who framed these documents. But the founding of this nation was not merely a human achievement. God had a hand in the matter. Nearly one hundred years ago, he said; "And for this purpose have I established the Constitution of this land, by the hands of wise men whom I raised up unto this very purpose, and redeemed the land by the shedding of blood."

This basic law was designed to give true freedom to all men living under it. It accords to every man opportunities equal to those enjoyed by all others. That is real freedom, and one who desires more is either inexcusably selfish or is a criminal.

Passing years have made certain changes in the Constitution necessary; and this is no reflection upon the original document. Such a situation was foreseen by every thoughtful statesman. Referring to this subject in his first inaugural address, Abraham Lincoln gives expression to this palpable truth: "No organic law can ever be framed with a provision specifically ap-

plicable to every question which may occur in practicable administration. No foresight can anticipate nor any document of reasonable length contain express provisions for all possible questions."

Just as one set of scriptures is insufficient to guide mankind under varying conditions of time and surroundings, so also laws must be enacted to meet changing situations.

Recently the Church leaders have felt the necessity of emphasizing anew the importance of law observance, and, in line therewith, the Mutual Improvement Associations have wisely adopted a slogan which, during the coming months, will keep this matter prominently before their members: "We stand for law: For the people who live it, and the officers who enforce it."

One hears complaints from the drinker, the smoker, the gambler, that present statutes infringe upon personal rights. It is surprising how many intelligent men advance this absurdly selfish and puerile claim. As well might the school boy contend for the right to absent himself at will from his classes. No one will contend that the truant has in reality more freedom than the obedient lad, and yet this argument is advanced from one generation to another. It is gratifying to note that those who stand for law are beginning to demand a recognition of their own personal rights, chief among which is the right to breathe pure air, to ride or walk on our streets without being run down by a drunken driver, and to enjoy all the liberties vouchsafed under the Constitution.

The present battle against lawlessness is a battle for freedom, not less important than that waged by the Revolutionary patriots. The people, therefore, are justified in every righteous effort to win the

fight. One of the first steps is to see that strong, courageous and honest men are elected to office. Men may escape the results of lawlessness for a time, but in the

end they are unescapable, and, unfortunately, the innocent suffer with the guilty.

"The mill-wheels of God grind slowly, but they grind exceedingly fine."—C.

## THE JUNE CONFERENCE

None who attended the recent Mutual Improvement conference or witnessed the Primary parade and pageant will aver that "Mormonism" is not "carrying on." The thousands of young people, from all the organized stakes and many of the missions, who participated in these events did so with a spirit founded upon something more substantial than transitory enthusiasm. They gave evidence of a sublime faith—a faith, too, which is contagious—in the thing they were representing. Their efforts gladdened the hearts and dimmed the eyes of those who saw and heard them.

It is a well known fact that people love that for which they labor, and the reason the Latter-day Saints love their Church was apparent in these gatherings. One unfamiliar with our methods would be astonished to learn the almost unbelievable number of hours of gratuitous work which were devoted to this successful conference; and, in addition to the labor, local people bore the expense of their costumes, banners, floats, etc.

Colorful as was the magnificent Primary parade, the impressions made by the pageant presented later at the U. of U. stadium will perhaps be even more lasting. Looking eastward into and across the great bowl with its crowds of delighted children, their many-colored costumes, and with verdant and inspiring hills touched by the rays of the departing sun as a background, the onlooker might easily have imagined himself as gazing upon a picturesque Oriental scene. It was a splendid demonstration of the place carved out for itself by the Primary organization in the fifty years of its existence; and the picture will live long in the memory of all who saw it.

From the standpoint of attendance and program the conference leaves nothing to be desired. Topics treated by members of the General Boards and others were presented tersely and in a manner which will bring results in the detailed work of the

organizations, while instructions given by President Heber J. Grant and other Church Authorities were unusually inspirational.

The one regrettable feature of the conference was the absence of General Superintendent George Albert Smith, who was detained at his home by a stubborn illness. The assembled multitude united in earnest prayers for his early and complete recovery.

An important feature of the gathering was the comprehensive explanation of the new plan of Priesthood quorum work as it relates to the Mutual Improvement meetings. This plan deserves the thoughtful consideration of all who belong to the organization.

All will recognize in the theme of the conference one of the most vital questions confronting the pleasure-mad world of today: "The abundant life through the wholesome use of leisure time." Every person can with profit ponder over this important theme, with a view to making a personal application of it,—"the WHOLESOME use of leisure time."

The judges of the contests discharged their difficult tasks in a commendable manner, and they and those taking part are to be congratulated. The high quality of the work done is deserving of especial mention. Many of the losers this year would easily have won first place, and indeed would have been considered as outstanding, a few years ago. Though naturally disappointed, they were not discouraged and left the contest hall with the determination to be heard from later. This spirit is characteristic of the M. I. A. As an example, we might mention Kemmie Bagley, who took second place in the public speaking contest last year and who returned this year to win first place.

Judged from any point of view, the efforts of the Mutual Improvement and the Primary Associations were eminently successful, and it is certain they will bear excellent fruit.—C.

# PRIESTHOOD QUORUMS



*All matters pertaining to the Aaronic Priesthood in this department are prepared under the direction of the Presiding Bishopric.*

## LETTER SENT TO PRESIDENCIES OF STAKES

June 4, 1928

Dear Brethren:

Reports from the stakes and missions, as well as observations made during official visits of the General Authorities, disclose the fact that the plan for the studying of the Gospel by all the Priesthood Sunday morning, and for quorum activity Tuesday evening, promises fruitful results. Increased attendance and more united effort will, proportionately, increase the good to be accomplished. Appreciative comments are made by sisters, and men who do not hold the Higher Priesthood and who in some instances are not members of the Church, on the opportunity now afforded them to study the Gospel in classes with members of the Priesthood quorums. The

Priesthood classes Sunday morning furnish to them this opportunity.

Permit us at this time to emphasize the fact that the most important service that the Priesthood can render is the teaching of the principles of life and salvation, and that Sunday morning is the best opportunity at hand for the rendering of this service. Every quorum member, therefore, from deacon to high priest, should be a missionary, inviting some neighbor or indifferent member to attend class and to study the Gospel with them. We cannot emphasize too strongly this phase of quorum activity. Opportunity for rendering this service presents itself every Sunday throughout the year.

For other quorum activities during the summer months we offer the following suggestions:

### AARONIC PRIESTHOOD MEETINGS

All quorums of the Aaronic Priesthood, as well as all quorums of the Melchizedek Priesthood, as already stated, will continue class work every Sunday morning at 10 o'clock. In addition to this the deacons, teachers, and priests should hold, respec-

tively, weekly meetings, which will be exclusively quorum meetings. (For program of activities and order of business, see published instructions by the Presiding Bishopric.)

### MELCHIZEDEK PRIESTHOOD MEETINGS

High priests, seventies and elders should hold, respectively, throughout the summer months, as during other months of the year, a regular monthly quorum meeting. This is an official meeting of the quorum which should not be suspended, even during the vacation period, except by permission of stake and other presiding authorities.

An order of business and suggestions for the conducting of these monthly meet-

ings have already been sent to stake and to quorum presidencies.

In addition to the holding of this monthly meeting, some stakes find it advisable to continue during the summer months the regular ward weekly meeting, holding it either on Tuesday night as in winter, or at some convenient hour on Sunday. Quorum fraternity and Priesthood activity are best fostered by this weekly plan. These meetings are devoted almost



entirely (1) to the checking up of members; (2) to the receiving of reports; (3) to the assignment of duties; and (4) to the fostering of a brotherhood that should become an uplifting force in the daily life of every quorum member.

Ever praying for the Lord's help in

every effort to have the quorums lead in all Church activities, we remain,

Sincerely,

THE COUNCIL OF THE TWELVE,

By Rudger Clawson,

*President.*

## THE NEW PRIESTHOOD PLAN

Summary of suggestions given at a meeting of members of the Council of Twelve, the First Council of Seventy, Mission Presidents and Stake Presidencies, Barratt Hall, Friday, April 6, 1928, 4:15 p. m.

ELDER DAVID O. MCKAY

### *The Priesthood Quorums and the Sunday Schools*

Before the October conference of 1927 the Council of the Twelve had in mind a definite plan, which included not only the studying of the Gospel, but what is equally important, the activities of the quorums. Priesthood means service; studying is only part of the duty of quorums. In November of 1927 the Presiding Authorities recommended that quorums be permitted to hold their study hours during the time hitherto set apart for the Sunday School as an auxiliary, Sunday morning from 10 o'clock to 12, that ample time might be given to the study of the Gospel. They suggested, however, that in this study period quorum lines be not sharply drawn for the following reasons:

First, the wards, as far as the high priests and many of the quorums of seventy and not a few quorums of elders are concerned, have only parts of quorums, so a quorum meeting could not be held unless members came from adjoining wards.

Second, they recognize that age limits are not defined by Priesthood quorums. For example, there are fathers of families who hold only the Lesser Priesthood. These fathers, indifferent though they be, might be induced to join for study purpose the higher quorums, and they would not feel

out of place when quorum lines are not drawn.

Third, sisters in the Church share the glory and privileges of the Gospel. There is nothing which the Priesthood will be studying Sunday morning which mothers and sisters ought not to study, and so if quorum lines be eliminated, women may join in the study of the Gospel. In other words, the members of the quorums invite everybody to come every Sunday morning to study the Gospel with them.

Fourth, the authorities recognize that the best way to study is to teach others, and if we can have 146,000 or sixty per cent of 146,000 men and boys who hold the Priesthood inviting other men to come with them, members of the Church or not, those men feel at once in that study the responsibility of the Priesthood, and while they are studying they are teaching others, and Sunday morning offers the opportunity for the Priesthood to extend just that invitation.

For these and other reasons the brethren recommend that the quorums of the Church be given the most important hour in the week. Sunday Schools have been reorganized and renamed, with the result that the Sunday School at present falls into three groups.

### GROUP ONE

The first group comprises the children in the kindergarten and primary, and those

two years older than the primary age, or all children from the ages of 4 to 11 in-

clusive. The responsibility of preparing the course of study for this group is assigned to the General Sunday School Board

under the direction of the Council of Twelve.

### GROUP TWO

The second group includes the age of the Lesser Priesthood, 12 to 20, inclusive. The deacons pursue studies in the "A" class, which includes courses in the Book of Mormon, the New Testament, and the Old Testament, adapted to their age and capacity. Girls of corresponding age study co-educationally with them. Boys not members of the Church, deacons' playmates, perhaps, are invited to come and study also. Thus the plan affords an opportunity for our boys to become imbued with the thought that they are now missionaries in the community and they should try to fetch into class influence their playmates who do not know the Gospel as they do.

The teachers form the "B" department, which includes courses in the Old Testament, the New Testament and the Book of Mormon, adapted to their age and capacity.

The priests will register in what is called the "C" department, Book of Mormon, Old Testament and New Testament. But in that department these books will be considered from the standpoint of doctrine and the philosophy of the Gospel, adapted to the ages of these young men.

The Presiding Bishopric will prescribe the course of study for the Lesser Priesthood.

The next department, the Missionary department, is the one that needs clarifying.

If there is one thing in this Church that should be upheld in dignity, and in intelligence, it is our Missionary department. It is an honor for any young man or young woman to enter the ranks of our missionaries. So should it be considered an honor and a privilege for our young men, priests or elders, to be permitted to register in the Missionary department of the Church Sunday School. This department should be made up of prospective missionaries, short-term missionaries included, but not of local missionaries. You have many seventies in your stakes performing local missionary work. They should not be enrolled in the Missionary department. The bishops should determine who should join the missionary course. It might be that there is a young man just finishing his second year at college, who perhaps is not through with his "C" course, but if you contemplate sending him out at the end of the year, let him go into the missionary class and receive his training. Here is a young elder, for example, who is not sure whether he can go on a mission this year, but if he has the desire and you think he should prepare for that labor, call him in. In the very order of things, these classes will not be large. They need not be. They are our prospective missionaries, and the dignity and character of that class should by all means be maintained.

### GROUP THREE

In group three, we have the elders, the seventies and the high priests, with men in the Church not holding the Priesthood who are, in experience and in education, sufficiently matured to follow the subjects prescribed. These will follow the course of study prescribed by the Council of the Twelve and the First Council of Seventy. Thus it will be observed, the quorums of

Priesthood are studying courses authorized by the General Authorities of the Church. What then, you may ask, is the place of the Sunday School? The Sunday School takes its proper place as a helper, as an aid to the Priesthood, its organization being utilized to carry on the preparation of lessons, the receiving of reports, the printing of lessons, etc.

In each of these classes, in the Gospel Doctrine department, and in each of the other groups there should be appointed by the president of the quorum, a group secretary, whose duty it will be to credit those who are in attendance Sunday morning at the quorum class. This record will be given to the quorum secretary, and the

credit made on the official quorum record. In the case of an elders' quorum that is complete in the ward, the secretary of the quorum should be in attendance and the quorum record kept.

The Lord help us to get the vision of quorum leadership, in learning, in fraternity, in service throughout the Church.

### ELDER MELVIN J. BALLARD

#### *Priesthood Quorums and the M. I. A.*

In building the new plan, we had in mind to provide a weekly and a monthly meeting for the quorums of the Priesthood and the simplification of our program. We did not wish unnecessarily to call the brethren from their homes, but to save time we worked out this plan that combines the weekly Priesthood meeting with the M. I. A. The period suggested is Tuesday night. At least in your program it states "the same evening as the M. I. A. meet." We have for somewhat more than a year past been endeavoring to have the Mutual Improvement Associations of the Church meet on Tuesday nights. We now jointly recommend that this be the night when the Priesthood-M. I. A. meeting will be held, because there is so much activity connected with the M. I. A. program that it would be exceedingly difficult to have it go forward on Sunday night. It would indeed be out of harmony in many respects with the spirit of the Sabbath day.

Just a word regarding those stakes and wards which are holding their M. I. A. meetings on Sunday night. You probably feel that you cannot have the sacramental meeting on Sunday afternoon and a preaching meeting Sunday night; so you have given Sunday night to the M. I. A. In many stakes this has been done, and I presume there is no objection to letting the sacramental meeting come on Sunday night, and if you omit any meeting probably the Sunday afternoon meeting could be omitted with less loss, and you will get young people particularly in your

sacramental meeting on Sunday night. But this Priesthood-M. I. A. program should go forward on Tuesday night, and then we can do all our work. If it is decided in any stake that it is necessary to have this meeting Sunday night, then the M. I. A. will have to meet on some week night to complete their work.

We had in mind also simplifying the work for the bishoprics by giving them the opportunity to meet those who are going to render service in the wards from all these Priesthood quorums. Therefore we have provided thirty minutes before the Tuesday evening meeting—from 7 to 7:30—as the best time probably when the bishoprics could meet the presidents of these quorums. In the case of the high priests and seventies, where there is not a complete quorum in the wards, the presidencies of those quorums should appoint a presiding officer or a leader from the high priests' and a leader from the seventies' group in that ward, if one of the presidency does not reside in the ward, and this leader will meet with the bishopric and the presidencies of the quorums of the Priesthood, and the ward presidency of the Young Men's Mutual.

We are attempting in this program to emphasize the importance of the presiding officers over the quorums, and instead of having a supervising ward teacher, for example, over a group of elders, seventies and high priests doing the work in this district, we desire the quorum officers to do that supervising. You could do it in this way: In one division of the ward



the elders could care for the ward teaching, with so many priests and teachers affiliated with them; in another district of the ward the work could be done by the high priests with the teachers and priests associated with them. The missionary work in the ward could be done by the seventies. There might be some seventies left who could do the ward teaching work in another district with priests and teachers. Then there might be another district where the priests themselves could do the work. So that supervising the Priesthood in the wards should be in the hands of the presidencies of quorums. That will create responsibility and quorum interest in the work that is particularly assigned to the quorums.

Now in this meeting where the quorum officers meet with the bishopric, reports of ward teachers, missionary work, or other service is brought to the bishopric from these quorum officers, or the one who is leading the group. Then the bishops give assignment in ward teaching to the presidents of these quorums, going so far as to suggest the companions that should be doing team work in that particular district, or any other suggestions of service that he desires these quorums to render. That thirty-minute period gives him the opportunity to get reports of work done, to give assignments to those who are to do that work in the ward.

Now you have come to the opening period of the Priesthood-M. I. A., wherein all the Priesthood of the ward and the sisters of the ward as well are expected to be present, so far as they can, and we are asking that the bishop preside over this meeting, to this extent at least that he call the meeting to order. We suggest that he ask the officers of the Young Men's organization (the reason we have not named the Young Ladies is because we desire to keep the Priesthood in control of this group) to conduct the exercises, which are to be brief, not over fifteen minutes, and then there is immediate adjournment of the deacons to their quorum meeting, also teachers, priests, elders, seventies and the high priests, to meet in their separate

departments. We think it is far better, if you have more than one quorum of deacons, to let each quorum meet by itself with a quorum officer presiding.

Since we are anxious to have the same leaders, particularly in the Lesser Priesthood quorums and in the activities of the M. I. A., we suggest that the bishopric and the officers of the Young Men's Association in the ward meet together and choose the best leaders for the groups in the Priesthood period and in the activity period, so that there will be no break, particularly with the Lesser Priesthood, where leadership means so much.

Then for forty-five minutes, from 7:45 to 8:30, the quorum officers will be giving to the quorum the instruction they receive from the bishop, any assignments for service this quorum is to render in the ward, and receive back from the quorum members reports of activities. When that is concluded there is an immediate adjournment without prayer, into the departments of the M. I. A. for one hour. Deacons and teachers, go into the Scout department. The priests go into the M Men's department. The elders who are unmarried may go with the M Men, and they who are married may meet with their wives, who have, during the intermission, studied with the Young Ladies their manual work for Juniors and Seniors. Together these husbands and wives go into the Social and Literary department, where they have elective courses, and where they can carry forward the adult education of the Church in many interesting fields, one of them being an elective course in genealogy, giving the genealogical workers an opportunity to meet with their group.

The adjournment may be taken from the several departments, or there may be a joint re-assemblage, but the time of dismissal should be at the same period.

There comes with this the suggestion that Friday evening for adults and afternoon for children be the recreation period of the Church, under the supervision and leadership of the M. I. A. and the Primary Associations.

ELDER STEPHEN L. RICHARDS

*Summer Program, Record and Report*

Brethren, I wonder how many can answer these questions:

What is the average enrollment of members in your quorums?

Do your quorum members attend their quorum meetings? If so, in what number?

Do they attend sacramental meetings? What is the percentage.

What per cent of them attend these Sunday School sessions for their education and study?

What per cent of them attend quarterly conferences?

As to the officers of the quorum, what per cent of your officers of quorums attend your council meetings? Managerial meetings, to look after their quorums?

What per cent of them attend Priesthood Union meetings?

What per cent of them attend meetings with the bishop, for this consultation spoken of? With the stake presidency?

What committees do you have in your quorums and when do they meet? What reports do they make? What are they undertaking to do?

What Church service is performed by your quorum members, as foreign missionaries, or as local missionaries?

What percentage of them are engaged in ward teaching?

What percentage of them attend Sunday School, Mutual, or Religion Class?

What per cent are genealogical and temple workers?

How many are recreation workers, or work in other organizations?

And then a little personal information:

Do you know anything about the percentage of your men in quorums who pay tithing?

How many are exempt as non-earners?

How many of them pay fast offerings?

What percentage use no tobacco? No intoxicating liquor? No tea nor coffee? No profanity?

What percentage of them do not gamble?

What percentage observe the Sabbath day to keep it holy?

Have your quorums any quorum funds? If so, what is the nature of those funds and the amount? How are disbursements made and for what purposes?

What is the percentage of your quorum members who are married? And if they are married, have they been married or sealed in the temple?

What is the number or per cent of your quorum members carrying life insurance?

How many visits have your quorum presidency made to quorum members, or have members of the quorum made to their fellow-members, to try to stimulate them in their activity?

Do you have in your quorums the undertaking of fraternal projects such as aiding fellow-members or missionaries' families, by financial aid or otherwise?

How often do they engage in socials, and when do they visit the sick and give condolence to the bereaved?

Those are a few questions that we feel are worthy of consideration by those who preside over quorums and by those who are responsible for the conduct of the quorum work in the stakes of Zion; and to the end that such information may be available to quorum presidencies and to stake presidencies and to the Presiding Authorities of the Church, it is proposed that in this new plan we cause report blanks to be circulated among the quorums, and then have reports submitted setting forth substantially the information which I have indicated, in order that we may know.

We recognize that to add to our statistical information and to the burden of securing it is probably not a very welcome thing, but we believe that it would be well to circulate a questionnaire of the kind that I have mentioned, among all the quorums, in order that their attention may be called to some of these items which indicate their status and their progress. After all, the chief purpose in all statistical information is to determine status and progress. That is the only reason why you secure reports from a business—to know where it stands and whether it is

going forward; and the brethren feel that it would be desirable to cause to be printed a blank in triplicate, to be made out by quorum presidents or group leaders in the wards, one copy to be retained in the ward, two copies to be sent on to the stake clerk for the information of the presidency in the first instance, and after the stake clerk has made a compilation and a tabulation of the items, we are going to ask the stake clerks to send it on to the Presiding Bishop's Office for the information of the General Authorities.

Brethren, we have done too much guessing. I go into a stake and I ask the stake president how a certain organization is getting along, and I usually get the answer, "Pretty well," or "Not very well," but I very seldom get the specific items which indicate progress or otherwise, because we do not know, we have not made the investigation. This is designed to give us that knowledge. We believe that quorum presidents, if they are asked to keep these items continually before them, will work to the end of having their quorums conform to the requirements that have been laid down by the brethren who have spoken here today.

We have prepared some blanks, just as a reminder of this item. You will observe that there are some personal items to be considered. We regard it as a very personal and delicate thing to find out whether a man uses profanity, to find out whether he is gambling, whether he keeps the Word of Wisdom, and obeys the law of tithing; but we believe all quorum presidents are entitled to know, and unless they know they cannot adequately deal with these situations. But we are urging that when this information is secured it be secured in such manner as to give no offense or embarrassment. The tithing record is made by the bishop. The quorum president can secure from the bishop the tithing record for the members. We can also learn by personal contact with individuals their status with reference to these matters. And when the information is once secured it becomes a solemn duty of the quorum president not to divulge

it or use it in any way that will embarrass the quorum members. We shall rely upon you so to instruct your quorum officers in that respect.

This report is to be called for every three months. We feel that that will not be too burdensome and is about as frequent as we could well have it in order to make the matter serve its purpose.

Every educational program seems to take a vacation. It has been the policy of schools almost from time immemorial to relax during the summer months, and we have observed that our quorum activities are often very greatly decreased and in some cases entirely suspended during the summer months. We recognize that there are conditions that seem in some stakes to make this almost imperative, and of course we cannot very well change those conditions. I presume that a very considerable part of the Church is still agricultural. We live in rural districts, our farmers are obliged to work long hours, they cannot abandon their work until the last hours of daylight have gone. Now, in order to make some provision for the summer work in our stakes (in many cases perhaps the stakes will feel that they cannot carry forward this regular schedule that has been outlined by Brother Ballard, having the members meet regularly on Tuesday nights with the M. I. A.), it is felt that we can at least do three things:

First: We can have a monthly quorum meeting on a Sunday afternoon or at the most convenient time for the stake, the ward, or the members; and we can ask the members of the quorum to attend that meeting.

Second: We should in all cases have a weekly meeting of the quorum presidency or the group leaders. You cannot run a business unless the management do their work. We feel that a council meeting of the group, or leaders, or quorum presidency is essential.

Third: There should be a weekly meeting of the quorum presidency or group leaders with the bishopric, in order that these assignments which have been mentioned here today can be given, reports



received, and at least the work of the quorum for the Church go forward although its regular weekly meetings may for a season be suspended.

We wish to say no word, however, in discouragement of the stakes who will carry forward the regular weekly program. There will be provision made for topics to carry forward the work on Tuesday evening during the entire year, and when the time comes in the fall for the quorums which have suspended during the summer to resume their work, they will take up the work as of the date when they begin. They will not try to go back over the summer work of the regular course; they

will take it up in September, when they begin their new work.

These three meetings, please remember, we regard as indispensable for the carrying forward of our summer work.

As to the time of holding those meetings, we must of course leave it to the stakes to choose a time most convenient for those who are to attend.

Now, my brethren, I commend to you the items which are contained in this questionnaire or report. I feel to say personally that if every quorum would check itself on those items, we would have an unprecedented increase in efficiency and spirit in the quorums of the holy Priesthood. God grant that it may be so. Amen.

### QUESTIONS ASKED AND ANSWERS GIVEN

*President Hart of Rigby Stake:* Is it the desire of the Authorities that those who now hold their Mutual meeting on Sunday evening discontinue them and hold them instead on Tuesday night?

*Brother Ballard:* Our recommendation is that you change your Mutual meetings to Tuesday night, because of the character of our program. It is left optional with you as to whether you hold the sacramental meeting Sunday afternoon or Sunday evening.

*A Stake President:* In our stake at the present time we hold Sunday School Sunday morning, sacramental meeting Sunday afternoon, and Mutual Sunday night. If we abandon either of the Sunday meetings I am afraid it will be an invitation to our young people to go out with their automobiles the entire Sunday afternoon or the entire Sunday evening. I am somewhat fearful they will not remain at home.

*Brother Ballard:* We do not say that you should abandon your Sunday afternoon meeting, but if you do have a meeting Sunday night, and you want the young people to put on a program we have no objection, if it is in harmony with the Sabbath day. We think we ought to have a meeting Sunday evening in every ward in this Church for the sake of the young people. If you feel that you cannot hold both the afternoon and the eve-

ning meetings, we think it better that you should hold the evening meeting.

*President Wood of Alberta Stake:* We are wondering up our way, from the fact that we are strictly agricultural, if there is any objection to our meeting at nine o'clock Sunday morning in Priesthood meeting instead of Tuesday night with the Mutual, or Sunday night with the Mutual. Our high priests and a good many seventies and elders dislike coming out in the evening, but they would all attend Sunday morning. Boys who go out to work week-days could not come Tuesday nights, but they will be there, as they have always been in the past, Sunday morning from nine to ten.

*Brother McKay:* The brethren of the Twelve recommend that, as far as possible, Priesthood meetings be not held on Sunday mornings. You may hold it after Sunday School or any other hour during the week that will be convenient.

*President Burgon of the East Jordan Stake:* I did not clearly understand whether or not the M. I. A. will continue holding meetings during the summer months, or if they will discontinue them?

*Brother Ballard:* Our proposition is that wherever any ward or stake desires to hold their meetings during the summer months, particularly for the Lesser Priesthood, we will provide a program for the

M. I. A. in connection with that for the priests, teachers and deacons.

*President Little of the Oquirrh Stake:* I would like to ask if there will be any objection to putting over the Priesthood work as is outlined for us during the summer month if the Mutual does not care to put over its program? That is, if there would be any objection to the Priesthood going ahead with some of its work during the summer months, provided the Mutuals do not care to carry on their program?

*Brother Ballard:* You may do this if you want to. If you want the Mutual program to go with it, it will be provided.

*A member of the Presidency of Fremont Stake:* Are we to understand that we are to have records kept of quorum meetings Sunday morning and also Tuesday night, so that there will be records of two Priesthood classes, tabulated each week, one on Sunday morning and one on Tuesday night?

*Brother McKay:* Yes, a secretary of the quorum group on Sunday morning will mark present all members of this group, whether they are in the Gospel Doctrine class or whether they are in the superintendency or the bishopric or in another class. Credit for attendance on

Tuesday night is made by the straight mark, credit for attendance on Sunday morning by a horizontal mark.

*President Hart of Rigby Stake:* We are holding our Priesthood quorum meetings once a month, on the date we hold our Union meetings, and we find them very successful. Do you suggest that we discontinue this? We haven't a ward in our stake that has a complete quorum of seventies, elders or high priests.

*Brother McKay:* We suggest that you continue as you are doing, with the understanding that you give to your quorums all the time necessary to transact their business. For monthly Unions, choose any of the options given in the little pamphlet.

*President May of Minidoka Stake:* In the Mutual meetings Tuesday night, will the Young Ladies' presidency sit on the stand with the bishopric, and is it your recommendation that they shall not at any time conduct?

*Brother Ballard:* We suggest that the Young Ladies' officers sit on the stand as usual, and that in the meeting where the Priesthood is jointly assembled with the Young Ladies that we let the Young Men conduct, and the Young Ladies can take their part in the meetings the first Sunday night of the month, alternating with the Young Men as in the past.

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## REACHING MEMBERS OF THE AARONIC PRIESTHOOD

Effective teaching brings response. Spoken response is good, but a response of physical action is much better, the impression is more indelible. Teaching reaches its ideals when it enlists in its cause the earnest services of its pupils.

By actual service in the ministry, the boys get more of the spirit of the work than they can get from making talks about it, or from listening to someone else talk. In taking part, especially in teaching a standard, they commit themselves to that standard and feel duty-bound to uphold it. Having stood for it and impersonated it, their obligation to maintain it is keener

than it could have been made by teaching only.

The Aaronic Priesthood age is peculiarly susceptible to spiritual influences and ideals if those ideals are introduced with tact and discretion. This is not necessarily the bad, wild age of the boy; yet, at this time he is active and impressionable. This is a time when things can be put over to him with great indelibility, a time when the love of the Gospel can get such a grip on him that it will always remain in his soul as an anchor of safety.

In most cases, the work comes more

natural and easier to the beginner, when he is a deacon, a teacher, a priest, than it ever will at any later date. It is noticeable that with newly called ward teachers, who have had little previous experience, the boys can adapt themselves to it and get the spirit of it more readily than older men.

There is a ripe time for action, and the fact that the Priesthood means action and not idleness, and that it is given at this time to the boys, indicates this as the time

for the boys to begin their activity in the ministry. When they begin at this time they fit into the work, they like it and find it easy. But, in many cases, from this time on, if they are not engaged in the work of the ministry, they are falling into ways which estrange them from it and unfit them for it.

There is a time to enlist the boys in the Lord's work, and that is when they are first entrusted with authority to take part.  
—*Albert R. Lyman.*

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## PIONEER STAKE AARONIC PRIESTHOOD

In the Pioneer stake an effort is being made to carry on through the summer months the quorum activity and recreational program as outlined by the Presiding Bishopric for the Aaronic Priesthood.

To promote interest in this program the stake presidency and members of the stake Aaronic Priesthood Committee entertained 102 ward workers in Mill Creek canyon on the afternoon and evening of June 13. The ward workers constituted members of the bishoprics, Aaronic Priesthood supervisors, presidencies of the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Associations, scout masters, and others connected with Aaronic Priesthood work in the wards.

The program consisted of out-door games and recreation, with a banquet and program in the evening. During the course of the evening, the program of Mutual Improvement work in connection with Priesthood activity work was carefully outlined, and those present were urged to carry this program into effect. Stress was

also laid on the responsibility of the Mutual Improvement and the scout leaders to the Aaronic Priesthood work, and those in charge of this phase of activity were asked to see that the scout program was so organized as to work into the leisure time of the boys.

Attention was called to the gift of five watches by Elder John C. Cutler, to be awarded to five boy scouts of Pioneer stake attaining the highest average of development and progress in scouting during the year, this award to be made for the purpose of stimulating activity among scout leaders and the boys of the various scout troops.

As a result of this evening's entertainment and the splendid organizing in the stake and wards, it is expected that the Lesser Priesthood program will be successfully continued on Tuesday night throughout the summer months, without a very marked decrease in the attendance.

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## LAST WORDS OF INFIDELS

Charles IX King of France: "What blood, what murders, what evil counsels have I followed! I am lost, I see it all."

Tom Paine: "I would give worlds, if I had them, if *The Age of Reason* had never been published. O Lord, help me, Christ help me; stay with me, it is hell to be alone."





# MUTUAL WORK



## M. I. A. AND GENEALOGICAL WORK

The following letter, which was sent to a stake president, is self-explanatory:

Dear Brother:

We were appointed by President Clawson to answer your letter relative to the proposed genealogical work to be given in connection with the Mutual Improvement Association under the new plan.

This is to advise you that we have concluded that, so far as the course is concerned, it is to be furnished by the Genealogical Society of Utah, and the execution of the work will devolve upon the stake and ward committees of the Genealogical Society; though the time allowed is a portion of the M. I. A., and the work is to be given as one of the optional courses for the adult group in this association. The Mutual Improvement Association will be

entitled to take credit for attendance for those members who are taking the Genealogical work, but the presentation of the lessons will be left entirely in the hands of the local committee of the Genealogical Society. There must be, therefore, close cooperation and harmony existing between the genealogical workers and the Mutual Improvement people, so that the desirable purposes may be accomplished in giving to those who wish to study genealogy in the ward the opportunity to do so during this M. I. A. period.

Trusting this will be satisfactory and that we will have good results come from this new opportunity, we are

Sincerely your brethren,

JOSEPH FIELDING SMITH,

MELVIN J. BALLARD,

*Special Committee.*

## SUNDAY EVENING JOINT MEETINGS

### SUGGESTED PROGRAM FOR AUGUST 5

For this meeting, it is suggested that the evening be given to a discussion of the cities of the West. They are unique in character, for those founded by the pioneers usually had broad streets and sidewalks, with streams of water running by every home. Trees were planted; gardens made, and every home was virtually a small farm. The houses were built back from the streets, and there was plenty of space between the front fence and the veranda for lawns and flowers. An early-day writer said that every "Mormon" home was a flower garden. Salt Lake City is one of the beautiful cities of the world, and Catherine Fullerton Gerould writes in her book entitled *The Aristocratic West*:

"Of all the people I have known who have been in Salt Lake City, none has ever taken the trouble to say that it is simply one of the most beautiful towns on the planet. \* \* \*

"Salt Lake is interesting; and there would be no sense in pretending that it is not the 'Mormon' Church which has given it its interest, as well as much of its beauty, situation apart. Brigham Young, unlike Joseph Smith, the Prophet, was not given much to revelation; but he was assuredly a great pioneer, and a man of powerful and constructive mind. To Brigham Young it is due that the barren valley over which he gazed from the mouth of Emigration canyon is now so densely green with trees; to him we owe the wide and noble streets of the city—never, from the first, allowed to grow up haphazard; he and none other was responsible for the first and promptest irrigation of the Western desert. God Himself may have sent the seagulls (it is a penitentiary offense to kill a seagull in Utah), to save the crops from the locusts and the Saints from starvation; but it was undoubtedly Brigham Young who taught the people that their prosperity must come from agriculture. \* \* \*

"Utah is a very hard-working state, and hard work has taught it what is worth working for. Fine schools; good water supply, comfortable homes."

Salt Lake City was surveyed and named within a month after the settlement of the pioneers on City Creek, July 24, 1847. At General Conference of all the members of the Church, held August 22 of the same year, all the people by vote decided to call their city The City of the Great Salt Lake. For many years it bore this name.

"In 1847, Brigham Young returned to the camps on the Missouri river, where most of his people were still waiting to join in the march overland to Utah. During the winter of 1847-1848 he left the affairs in the little settlement of the Salt Lake valley to the direction of a stake presidency. Salt Lake City was a stake of Zion.

"With the return of President Young in 1848, Salt Lake City was divided into 'wards,' over each of which was placed a bishop. Each 'ward' was a regular division for ecclesiastical and political purposes, and was an independent and progressive corporation under the direction of the bishop.

"In 1851, Salt Lake City was chartered by the Territorial legislature, which provided for the first officers of the city to be appointed

by the Territorial legislature. The first mayor was Jedediah M. Grant. The mayor and city council enacted various laws, which had as an object the beautifying of the city as well as the building and maintenance of good streets. Quoting from the minutes of a meeting of the city council held January 13, 1851, we find the following extract in reference to the work of setting out shade-trees:

"'An ordinance was presented to the Council which required holders of lots to set out trees for the improvement of the city in front of their lots within a reasonable time. A discussion ensued, and it was finally recommended that all kinds of beautiful trees be planted, as the Creator had given us a pleasing variety.'

"CITY OF BEAUTIFUL STREETS.—What made Salt Lake beautiful from inception were the broad streets, and sidewalks, and beautiful trees and gardens."

It will be interesting to give the history of the city in which you live. Have some member tell the story of its settlement, and how it was laid out and named. All cities of early-day Utah and surrounding states were similar in general appearance and survey to Salt Lake City.

## DATES OF AUXILIARY GROUP CONVENTIONS FOR 1928

*Held in connection with the Quarterly Conferences*

June 30-July 1—Benson, Nevada, North Sevier, Tintic, Woodruff, Yellowstone, Tooele.

July 7-8—Cassia, Curlew, Lost River, Lyman, Malad, Summit, Wayne.

July 14-15—Bannock, Burley, Emery, Hollywood, Twin Falls.

Aug. 18-19—Alberta, Beaver, Blaine, Duchesne, Lethbridge, Roosevelt, Shelley, St. Johns.

Aug. 25-26—Bear River, Idaho Falls, Portneuf, Snowflake, South Sevier, Taylor, Teton, Uintah.

Sept. 1-2—Big Horn, Garfield, Idaho,

Maricopa, Oneida, Panguitch, Raft River, San Francisco.

Sept. 8-9—Bear Lake, Juarez, Kanab, Los Angeles, Parowan, Pocatello, Rigby, South Sanpete, St. Joseph.

Sept. 15-16—Boise, Franklin, Gunnison, Juab, Millard, Moapa, San Juan, Wasatch.

Sept. 23-24—M i n i d o k a, Montpelier, North Sanpete, San Luis, Star Valley, St. George, Union, Young.

Sept. 29-30—Blackfoot, Carbon, Deseret, Fremont, Hyrum, Morgan, Sevier.

## PROGRAM OF AUXILIARY GROUP CONVENTIONS

### PUBLIC SESSIONS

SATURDAY, 10 A. M. TO 11:30 A. M.

*Theme: Greater Understanding and Appreciation of Divine Authority*

1. Song Service (15 minutes).....  
.....Under direction of Stake Chorister

a. "True to the Faith."  
b. "Scatter Sunshine."

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|--|---|----------------------|
| c. "Prayer is the Soul's Sincere Desire."                  | Life -----  | General Board Member |
| 2. Prayer.   | 6. The Priesthood and the Problems of Modern Life | General Board Member |
| 3. Address of Welcome ..                                   | 7. Closing Song, "Improve the Shining Moments."   |                      |
| 4. Problems of Life: Economic—Social—Moral—Spiritual ----- | 8. Preview of the meetings to follow.             |                      |
| -----General Board Member                                  | 9. Benediction.                                   |                      |
| 5. The Prophets and the Problems of                        |   |                      |

SATURDAY, 2 P. M. TO 3:15 P. M.

*Theme: The Leisure-time Guidance of Children*

- |                                      |  |                              |
|--------------------------------------|--|------------------------------|
| 1. Song.                             | -----  | M. I. A. Representative      |
| 2. Prayer.                           | 6. The Relation of the Primary Program to Sunday School Work | -----                        |
| 3. Song.                             | -----  | Sunday School Representative |
| 4. "Time's Most Precious Gift" ----- | 7. Song.   |                              |
| -----Primary Representative          | 8. Prayer.   |                              |
| 5. Foundation Conditions Structure   |  |                              |

SUNDAY MORNING, 9 A. M. TO 10:20 A. M.

The following to be present: Stake Priesthood quorums, stake boards and all ward auxiliaries officers and teachers  
bishops and counselors, presidencies of

*Theme: Correlation of the Priesthood with Theological Study and Leisure-time Guidance*

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|--|--|--|
| 1. Song, "Put Your Shoulder to the Wheel."                           | of Children -----  |  |
| 2. Prayer.   | -----  | Primary Association General Representative |
| 3. The Two-Fold Function of the Priesthood -----                     | 6. The M. I. A.—An Organization for the Leisure-time Guidance of Young People and Adults ----- |  |
| General Representative   | -----  | M. I. A. General Representative            |
| 4. The Sunday School—An Organization for Religious Education.-----   | 7. Closing Song, "Onward, Christian Soldiers."   |  |
| Sunday School General Representative                                 |  |  |
| 5. The Primary Association—An Organization for Leisure-time Guidance |  |  |

SUNDAY MORNING, 10:30 A. M. TO 12 M.

*Church Theological Study Hour*

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|---|---|
| 1. Devotional Music (2 minutes).                | *11. Reading. "The Significance of Partaking of the Sacrament." |
| 2. Notices.                                     | 12. Concert Recitation. (For the current month).                |
| 3. Singing.                                     | 13. Song Service.   |
| 4. Prayer.                                      | 14. Consideration of Class Work -----                           |
| 5. Singing.                                     | -----Member of the General Board                                |
| 6. Addresses by boy and girl (2½ minutes each). | 15. Report of attendance.                                       |
| 7. Singing. (Sacramental).                      | 16. Brief remarks.  |
| 8. Prelude.                                     | 17. Singing.  |
| 9. Sacramental Gem. (For the current month).    | 18. Benediction.  |
| 10. Postlude.                                   |   |

\*Since it is usually impracticable at this session of the conference conveniently to administer the sacrament, that ordinance will be omitted, and in lieu thereof the article named, written by Elder David O. McKay and published in the *Millennial Star* and the *Juvenile Instructor*, will be read.



SUNDAY AFTERNOON, 2 P. M.

*Regular Quarterly Conference Session*

SUNDAY EVENING, 7:30 P. M.

*M. I. A. Meeting*

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|---|--|
| 1. Music.   | 4. The Slogan: "We Stand for Law, for the People who Live it, and the Officers who Enforce it."----- |
| 2. "The Abundant Life Through the Wholesome Use of Leisure-Time"----- | ----- <i>General Representative</i>  |
| ----- <i>General Representative</i>                                   |  |
| 3. Music.   | 5. Music.  |

## SUNDAY SCHOOL MEETINGS

SATURDAY, 11:30 A. M. TO 12:30 P. M.

Conference of the General Board members with stake superintendency and secretary and representatives of the stake pres-

idency, high council and bishops.

Discussion of the questionnaire and report of the stake superintendent.

SATURDAY, 3:20 P. M. TO 4:30 P. M.

Meeting of the stake board and ward superintendencies with representative of the General Board, stake presidency, high council and bishops.

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|---------------------------------------|---|
| 1. Opening Exercises.                 | 4. The Sunday School in Session-----                                      |
| 2. The Faculty of the Sunday School - | ----- <i>General Board Member</i>   |
| ----- <i>General Board Member</i>     | 5. The Priesthood and the Sunday School ----- <i>General Board Member</i> |
| 3. The Course of Study -----          | 6. Local Problems -----   |
| ----- <i>General Board Member</i>     | ----- <i>Discussion led by General Board Member</i>                       |
|                                       | 7. Preview of meetings to follow.   |
|                                       | 8. Closing exercises.   |

SUNDAY, 10:30 A. M. TO 12 M.

PUBLIC SESSION: Church Theological Study Hour. (See Program of Public Sessions).

## M. I. A. MEETINGS

SATURDAY, 11:30 A. M. TO 12:30 P. M.

Conference of general representatives, with stake executives and stake boards and representatives of stake presidency, high council and bishops. (Joint).

1. M. I. A.-Priesthood Plan.
2. New Organization Plan.
3. Executive Problems.

SATURDAY, 3:20 P. M. TO 4:30 P. M.

General representatives, stake boards, ward presidents and all other ward officers available; also representatives of stake presidency, high council and bishops. (Joint).

*All topics treated by General Board Members.*

1. THE MUSIC PROGRAM.
2. THE COMMUNITY ACTIVITY COM-

MITTEE. Fields of Study—Year-Round Program—Book—Project—Slogan Cooperation.

3. THE ADULT DEPARTMENT. Special Field of Study—The Program—The Book—Projects in Citizenship.
4. THE M MEN-GLEANERS JOINT PROGRAM.

SATURDAY, 7:30 P. M. TO 8:30 P. M.

Y. M. M. I. A.

General representative, all stake and ward workers and representatives of stake presidency, high council and bishoprics.

*All topics treated by General Board Members.*

1. M MEN: Special Field of Study—The Code—The Course of Study—The Project—The Book—Slogan Cooperation—Special Social and Athletic Features.
2. THE VANGUARDS AND BOY SCOUTS: The Special Field of Study—The Relationship of the Priesthood-M. I. A. Plan to Scouting—The Program for the Vanguards—Projects—Books.
3. The Era—The Fund—Life Membership.

Y. L. M. I. A.

General representative, all stake and ward officers and representatives of stake presidency, high council and bishoprics.

*All topics treated by General Board Members.*

1. THE GLEANER: Special Field of Study—The Program (Courses of Study, Activities)—The Project—The Sheaf—The Book—Slogan Cooperation.
2. THE JUNIORS: Special field of Study—The Program (Studies, Activities)—The Project—The Standard—The Book—Slogan Cooperation.
3. BEE-HIVE GIRLS—Special Field of Study—The Program—The Project—The Book.

SATURDAY, 8:30 P. M. TO 10:00 P. M.

General representatives, stake and ward officers of the priesthood and all auxiliary workers.

DEMONSTRATIONS:

1. The Tuesday Evening M. I. A. Meeting.
2. A Friday Evening Program.

### PRIMARY ASSOCIATION MEETINGS\*

SATURDAY, 11:30 A. M. TO 12:30 P. M.

STAKE BOARD MEETING: Representatives of the stake presidency, high council and bishoprics invited to be present.

1. Our Assignment—
  - a. What it is;
  - b. What it Means to Us\_\_\_\_\_

*General Board Member*

SATURDAY, 3:20 P. M. TO 4:30 P. M.

STAKE AND WARD OFFICERS: Representatives of the stake presidency, high council, and bishoprics invited to be present.

1. The New Plan.
2. How It May Operate In—
  - a. Stakes;
  - b. Wards \_\_\_\_\_

*General Board Member*

SATURDAY, 7:30 P. M. TO 8:30 P. M.

STAKE AND WARD OFFICERS (Available)

1. Concrete Illustrations of Leisure-time Activities.

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\*Note: Arrangements will be made for an executive meeting.

# PASSING EVENTS



*The Republican national convention* convened at Kansas City, Mo., June 12, 1928. Senator Simeon D. Fess of Ohio delivered the keynote speech, emphasizing the business prosperity of the country, the leadership of the American government in the "war upon war," reduction of taxation, and legislation touching agricultural problems. Herbert Hoover, secretary of Commerce, was nominated, June 14, on the first ballot. He had 937 votes of a possible 1182, counting all the votes cast and 5 not voting. Coolidge got 17 votes and Dawes only 4. Lowden, with 74 votes, was the highest next after Hoover.

*Secretary of State Kellogg appeals to the churches in behalf of peace.* Secretary of State Frank B. Kellogg, on June 11, 1928, directed an appeal to the churches for support of his efforts in behalf of the perpetuation of the peace of the world. The occasion was the celebration of the 300th anniversary of the founding of the Dutch Reformed church in Manhattan, on which occasion he delivered a memorable address. He summarized the steps taken toward outlawing war since the idea first originated in a suggestion made by Aristide Briand, foreign minister of France. Since this discussion commenced, he said, the idea has appealed with increasing force to the public opinion of the world. The speaker acknowledged the existence of "cynical individuals", who believe in war as an institution and see no value in the present negotiations, but the world's desire for peace, he declared, would triumph in the end. "I am persuaded," he went on, "that the time has come when a frank renunciation of war as an instrument of national policy should be made, to the end that the peaceful and friendly relations existing between the peoples of the world may be perpetuated. I am convinced, moreover, that all changes in these relations should be sought only by pacific means and be the result of a peaceful and

orderly process, and any nation which shall hereafter seek to promote its national interests by resort to war should be denied the benefits and guarantees furnished by the proposed treaty. "This is the object of the negotiations in which fifteen world powers are now engaged, and in the name of the government of the United States I bespeak the continued support of this and every other church in the present movement for the promotion of world peace," he said.

*Fly from America to Australia.* Captain Harry W. Lyons, Jr., and James Warner, Americans, and Kingsford-Smith and Ulm, Australians, landed, June 1, 1928, in the Wheeler field, Hawaii, in the monoplane Southern Cross, after having covered the 2,400 miles from Oakland, California, in about 27 hours and 24 minutes. All through the journey the Southern Cross kept in touch with land through its short-wave-length radio sending apparatus. Throughout the day and night the plane sent word of its situation, now jestingly, now in anxiety and concern. Honolulu gave the Southern Cross a wild welcome. The craft was the fifth to fly from the California coast to the mid-Pacific islands. The object of this flight is Australia. At 6:23 p. m., June 4, Pacific coast time, the Southern Cross landed at Suva, Fiji Islands, having made the distance from Kauai Island, Hawaii, 3,138 miles in 34 hours 33 minutes. This is said to be the longest flight over water ever made, so far. The four fliers arrived at Brisbane, Australia, June 9, at 10:10 a. m. (5:10 p. m. United States mountain time), where they were received with great enthusiasm. When they reached Sydney, 500 miles to the south, they had completed their perilous journey across the Pacific. 7,800 miles from Oakland, California.

*Secretary Kellogg's efforts for peace meet with success.* The Irish Free State and New Zealand accepted, May 31, 1928, the



invitation of Secretary Kellogg to participate in the negotiations and become original signatories of his proposed treaty for the renunciation of war. Canada's reply was, the same day, handed to the American minister in Ottawa. It is also said to be an acceptance of the proposition. Britain, France, Germany, Italy and Japan have also accepted. The time would, therefore, seem to have come for the beginning of the negotiations contemplated in the proposition of the American minister. The Canadian government, June 1, 1928, notified Secretary Kellogg that it takes great pleasure in accepting his invitation to join the eleven other nations in the negotiation and signature of the proposed treaty for the renunciation of war. Australia, South Africa and India have also been heard from.

*Disaster averted.* A leak in the Scofield dam, near that settlement, was reported on May 21, 1928, causing a panic and a general exodus from Colton, Scofield and other towns on the Price river. Immediately, hundreds of volunteers, both men and women, went to work, under competent direction, to try to stop the leak, and the railroad furnished carload after carload of sand, cement and rocks, which were dropped into the hole that threatened to become a breach in the immense wall. More than 20,000 sacks of earth and sixty tons of hay served the same purpose. A flood would have affected the people in Rolapp, Castlegate, Heiner, Martin, Helper, Spring Glen and lower parts of Price, besides valuable farm land. The reservoir behind the dam contains normally 61,000 acre-feet of water. At the time of the threatened break 70,000 acre-feet were impounded. The reservoir covers approximately thirty-six square miles. There is a drop of 2000 feet between the dam and Price, the last town in the threatened area. Translated the dam now impounds approximately 21,000,000,000 gallons of water. There is approximately 60 per cent more water in the Scofield dam at the present time than there was in the San Francisquito dam near Los Angeles, California, at the time of that disaster.

*Against Militarism.* The Methodists in conference at Kansas City, Mo., expressed themselves as opposed to military training in the schools, colleges and universities of this country. Dr. Ernest Freemont Tittle, of Evanston, declared that the war spirit was fostered by military training, that the theory that war was inevitable had become increasingly prevalent, and that it is an affront to the church "to compel American youth to learn to stab and kill and be trained in the art of murder."

*Great Britain for Peace.* Sir Austen Chamberlain, British secretary for foreign affairs, in his reply to Secretary Kellogg's note on the outlawing of war says the British government, as well as its self-governing dominions and India, are all in accord with the general principle of the treaty proposed by Mr. Kellogg, and "will support the movement to the utmost of their power." Germany has accepted the proposition without reservations, and Italy has accepted it in principle.

*Socialists victorious.* At the general elections in Germany, May 20, 1928, the socialists and communists made notable gains. The Marx government was defeated. But Herr Stresemann, the foreign minister, was re-elected, and that may be taken as a popular endorsement of the republican form of government and of the peace policy of Stresemann. According to the socialist leader, Dr. Scheidemann, "The working classes, burdened with intolerable economic conditions, are wearied with the dishonesty of the other German parties." The socialistic victory is greater than the leaders expected. What is most astonishing is the communist growth, a majority of the first voters—the youths of twenty years—being extremists. "This is due to the great unemployment, especially among the young men, and the alluring promises of the communists," he said.

*What it Costs to be Governed.* The House of Congress, on May 18, passed the second deficiency measure, amounting to \$99,152,885.76. The total expenditure by the present congress will amount to over four and a half billion dollars. Part

of this enormous sum is accounted for by the fact that a large part of the nearly \$201,000,000 carried in the first deficiency bill this year was necessary because the second deficiency measure a year ago became entangled in a senate filibuster and never was enacted into law.

*Nobile in the Arctic.* General Nobile returned, May 18, 1928, to King's Bay, Spitzbergen, after an excursion to Nicholas II's land, which, however, he was prevented from exploring by terrifying Arctic weather conditions. The air ship became coated with an ice crust, adding greatly to its weight and seriously hindering the maneuvering of the airship. Realizing the impossibility of attempting to lower a landing party in such weather, and unable to see any land, General Nobile was compelled to order the return of the ship to King's Bay. The Italian explorer succeeded, on May 24, 1928, in reaching the North Pole, where he dropped a cross, enclosed in which was a message from Pope Pius XI. On May 26, a radio message reached Oslo, from Gen. Nobile, asking for help. He had been forced down on the ice on his return from the Pole. Immediately preparations were made in Norway, Sweden, Italy and other countries to come to the rescue. Among those who set out for the Arctic regions was the famous Norwegian explorer, Roald Amundson. For many days the whereabouts of the Italian were unknown. Three times, in as many days, he and his companions saw the rescue plane, but failed to attract their attention. Finally, on June 20, Major Maddalena succeeded in discovering the stranded men, and dropped food and other supplies from the plane. At the same time Captain Amundsen and the French aviator, Guilband, who left Tromsø for Spitzbergen, June 18, in a French seaplane, were reported lost and extensive preparations were being made to find them. It was learned that seven men were in the control cabin when the *Italia* was forced down. These were borne away when the gas bag rose again, and their whereabouts are unknown. Three men started on foot in attempt to reach North Cape or Spitzbergen. They have not been heard from.

Five of the crew are with Nobile in the ice floe, and these are thought to be safe, until they can be taken off.

*Packing plant destroyed by fire.* Fire destroyed the plant of the Rocky Mountain Packing corporation at Murray, Utah, June 2, 1928, causing damage estimated at \$200,000. Considerable handicap was caused the fire fighters from the continuous exploding of the canned goods, consisting of peas, tomatoes and string beans. With the collapse of the roof, cans were soon flying skyward as the steam pressure forced the containers to give way. Chief Ed Larson of the Murray City department was of the opinion that the small stove in the rear of the building had undoubtedly caused the fire. When the blaze had been brought under control the factory was a skeleton of broken walls and collapsed roofing.

*A son of President Young passes away.* Heber Young, son of President Brigham Young and Lucy Decker Young, passed away at a hospital in Salt Lake City, June 3, 1928, after a protracted illness. He was born in Nauvoo, Ill., June 19, 1845. Mr. Young filled a three-year mission to Germany, from which he returned in 1870. He has been active in various branches of business, including real estate and insurance. He is survived by two daughters, Mrs. Murray C. Godbe and Mrs. H. O. Kraack; four grandchildren, and twelve great-grandchildren, and one sister, Mrs. John D. Spencer.

*Willis Rogers passed away,* May 30, 1928, after two-years' serious illness. As a result of paralysis, he had lost his speech, but regained it shortly before his death. He was born in Provo, August 17, 1873, and at the age of three years went with his parents to Salt River valley, Arizona. Upon reaching manhood, he moved to Bluff, Utah, whence he was called on a mission to the Southern States, where he labored for twenty-seven months. He also filled a mission for the Mutual Improvement Association in the Salt Lake stake, in 1906. He was a faithful Latter-day Saint throughout his life. He is survived by his wife and eight children.

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Electric Range you've wanted in your home

For a limited time, we are giving ABSOLUTELY FREE

A Beautiful 42-Piece Dinner Set

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with every Electric Range purchased from us

FIVE DOLLARS DOWN

will place one in your home. Pay the balance in two years

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*Efficient Public Service*

*Earthquake in Peru.* The city of Chachopoyas, capital of the department of Amazonas, Peru, was left a ruin, May 15, 1928, by an earthquake that rocked the whole northeast section of that country and part of Ecuador. The earth movements were continuing intermittently. Repeated shocks were reported from Trujillo, Iquitos, Chilete, Pima, San Miguel de Pima, Huancabamba and Pacasmayo. The church tower in the town of Yaguachi, near Guayaquil, in Ecuador, collapsed.

*Congress adjourns.* The first session of the 70th congress adjourned May 29, 1928. Vice President Dawes declined to make a speech in the Senate, but Speaker Longworth said good-bye in a few words, whereupon the Hawaiian song "Aloha" was sung. A moment later, at 5:30 o'clock, both presiding officers brought down their gavels and congress stood adjourned, its members free to plunge into the political battles that await most of them individually at home and collectively at the party conventions in Kansas City and Houston, says the dispatch.

"A Word Fitly Spoken is  
Like Apples of Gold in  
Pictures of Silver."

You can establish yourself in a paying business of *your own* and reap a harvest of silver and gold with *my* toiletries and true fruit flavoring extracts. Flavors: vanilla, lemon, orange, vanilemon, etc., non-alcoholic, postpaid 30c. Millions made in the mail order field. Ask for free booklet and sales plan with wholesale prices. A packet of all flavors, postpaid \$1. Beauty of Youth Sage Shampoo, postpaid 10c. Address

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Visit Utah's Playgrounds

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Use Utah's Sugar

SEE AND SELL OUR NATURAL WONDERS  
BOOST AND BUY LOCAL PRODUCTS

---

*BOTH ARE INCOMPARABLE*

### HUMOROUS HINTS

He thought he could pass every car in the line;—  
Doesn't that lily in his hand look fine.

\* \* \*

*Dangers in Deferred Debts.* "This is the Blah Radio Company, broadcasting from station FOB. We are speaking for the agent in your town: 'Unless all back payments are made on sets bought, your name will be announced from this station Saturday night.' "

\* \* \*

Before Saturday a bank had failed, five men had committed suicide, and several attempts had been made to dynamite station FOB.—*Mollie Zacharias.*

\* \* \*

No man should allow a woman to make a fool of him: he can do it himself.

\* \* \*

Then—the man who was run down took a tonic.

Now—the man who is run down takes an ambulance.

When You Think of INSURANCE think of  
**Utah Home Fire Insurance Co.**

Organized 1886

Assets Over Two Million Dollars

Agents in All Western Towns

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

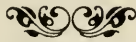
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## The Deseret News Press

29 RICHARDS STREET

SALT LAKE CITY

No matter to what social, political or financial heights a man climbs, his wife can always call him down.

\* \* \*

He: "Wonder how Mabel managed to cash such a large check at the bank without being identified?"

She: "She identified herself."

He: "How?"

She: "Her name and address are engraved on her silver garter buckles."

\* \* \*

*Painful Suspense.* "I have just heard that my sister has a baby. They don't say what sex and so I don't know whether I am an uncle or aunt."—*Pages Gaies.*

\* \* \*

*Battery Burned Out.* Jack: "Dad, God's battery must be burned out."

Mr. Baker: "Why do you say that, son?"

Jack: "Because the moon isn't out tonight."

# *Did You Ever Think of This*

If you are not specifically trained for some type of useful employment it will not be long before the world will point its finger at you and call you a failure.

Ours is a school of opportunity. Here you have a chance to do the best you can, independently of what anybody else may do.

EVERY MONDAY we open the doors of opportunity—when shall we have the privilege of welcoming you?

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Utah Power & Light Co.  
Utah-Idaho Sugar Co.  
F. B. Woolley, Jr.  
Zion's Co-operative Merc. Inst.

### *How's the Cow?*

Bill Jones started home in his lizzie,  
Liquored and feeling quite dizzy.  
On the highway somehow, he met up with a cow;  
And his friends are now asking how-izzie.

\* \* \*

Come to, Abie. Abie: "Papa! Papa! I saved a nickel today! I ran all the way to school behind a street car."

Poppa: "Why didn't you run behind a bus and save a dime?"

\* \* \*

A common mistake is to be afraid of the crowd—afraid to do anything that is different from "the bunch."

## "Finally, My Physician Recommended FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST"

"I am an automobile mechanic," writes J. R. Bridges of Salt Lake City, "and have been working at this trade for the past six years. Working on automobiles makes it necessary to handle machine parts covered with dirty greases and oil, which is very hard to remove from your hands and face.

"After getting a severe case of boils I tried all kinds of remedies suggested by my friends but did not obtain any relief. I finally went to my physician and he recommended that I eat one cake of Fleischmann's Yeast one-half hour before each meal. After eating the Yeast regularly for three weeks I began to notice that the boils were drying up and in two months they had entirely disappeared."

Fleischmann's Yeast is not in any sense a medicine—it is a vegetable, fresh as new celery. Its curative properties gently, naturally rouse the sluggish muscles of the intestines, and clear the system of the poisons of constipation. Your complexion, too, now clear and fresh, will reflect your new-found vigor and health.

Eat three cakes each day, one before each meal or between meals. Dissolve it in water, hot or cold; eat it plain or any other way you prefer.

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## MOUNTAINEER OVERALLS

Are made from finest quality Denim,—  
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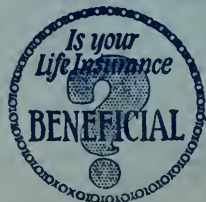
### SOMETHING DIFFERENT

*The Spring-O-All Sus-  
pender, no rubber to  
rot, nothing to wear  
out.*



## Suppose We Should Guarantee You the Fulfilment of these Desires—Would You Not Think it Marvelous?

Your income to continue even though accident or illness should suddenly snatch you away or render you unfit for work. An income for your wife—a college education for your children. The ownership of your home in ten years from now. The possibility of retirement and the joy of travel and leisure in your later years.



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